CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1911.

COVER DESIGN—PORTRAIT OF THE LATE COUNCILLOR JOHN HENRY SMITH, OF THE CHURCH OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

The Spirit within	Wilbur D. Nesbit	*Reverse Frontispiece*
Illustrating The Sins of the Mothers	F. M. Grant	*Frontispiece*
Till Death Do Us Part	Emily F. Murphy	83
The Passing of Juan Ponc de Leon	Horatio Winslow	90
The Sins of the Mothers Illustrated by F. M. Grant	James Church Alvord	91
Farmers of the Sea Illustrated with Photographs	Frederic William Wallace	101
Gipsy Song. Verse	Sara Hamilton Birchall	108
The Descent of Glaphyra Quat Illustrated by Peter Newell	Ellis Parker Butler	109
The Christmas Reading. Verse	Thomas A. Daly	112
Out at "French's" Illustrated with Photographs	C. L. Armstrong	113
Jack Frost. Verse	Bern. W. A. McDougall	117
With Aviator No. 6. A Novel	H. M. Egbert	118
On the Other Side of the Mountain Illustrated with Photographs	L. V. Kelly	129
Diana of the Foxhounds Illustrated by W. Mott	Catharine Adams	132
The Taking of Almighty Voice, 'Bad Indian' Illustrated by Howard Giles	A. A. Strachan	138
To a Drowsy Mistress. Verse	Wallace Rice	141
Allies Invisible. A Story Illustrated by C. O. Longabaugh	G. F. Chipman	142
Philomel's Doll. A Story	J. A. Dobson	147
A Delusion. Verse	Mary Wheelwright	149
The Pedlar's Pack	"Kit"	150
Christmas Roundel. Verse	John Duncan Howe	156
The Right Angle	The Editor	157
It Gets Late Early. Verse	Wilbur D. Nesbit	159
Chestnuts and Cheese		160

Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, $1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy; in the United States, $2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy.

Published by the VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LTD., Silvester-Willson Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

London, 382 Clarence St. Toronto, 162 Bay Street. New York City, 156 Fifth Ave. Chicago, 1502 Marquette Building.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second-class matter

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THE SPIRIT WITHIN

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

Jesus of Nazareth.....who went about doing good.

SOME are an-hungered, some athirst,
Some are borne down with heavy woe,
Some are of sin and shame accursed,
But in the Eve-Star's heaven-glow
All are befriended; each has heard
Messages that bid him rejoice.
We are the ones that speak the word—
Brother, my brother, it is His voice.

We go a-shudder to the door,
Sorrowing over all the want,
Giving the gifts brought of our store
Into the hands by pain made gaunt.
Nay, 'tis not ours that find the way
Into the dark and noisome street,
Bringing the cheer of Christmas day—
Brother, my brother, it is His feet.

Child-lips to laughter all alien-strange,
Show us a miracle in this while,
When over them there comes the change—
When for the once they know a smile.
Baubles we bring are jewels fair
Found in the distant wonderlands.
Think you 'tis we who take them there?
Brother, my brother, it is His hands.

Pulsing to us through the centuries
Murmurs forever in one deep key:
"As ye have done it to one of these
So have ye done it unto Me."
Give as we can, and gladly, too—
Out of the soul does the impulse start.
What is this throbbing in me and you?
Brother, my brother, it is His heart.

"WHAT DO I CARE IF YOU PUT THINGS ALL TO PIECES FOR
HEAVEN'S SAKE? I'LL HAVE MONEY!" SHE DEMANDED

To accompany "The Sins of the Mothers," see page 91

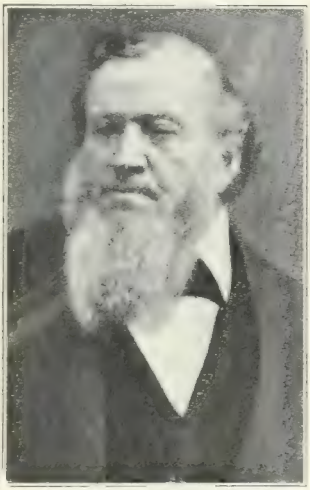
CANADA MONTHLY

VOL XI. LONDON, DECEMBER NO 2

Till Death Do us Part

By Emily F. Murphy
Author of "Janey Canuck Abroad" &c

Illustrated with Photographs



BRIGHAM YOUNG

EDITORIAL NOTE:—There are some seven thousand Mormons included in the two "stakes" that are located in Alberta—the "Alberta Stake" of which Cardston is the centre, and the "Taylor Stake," with headquarters at Raymond—and they form a community to be reckoned with in Canada's something over seven million, a people to whom justice should be done. It has been the fashion recently to "muckrake" the Mormons, in both Canada and the United States, and those who have never seen a Mormon have been loudest in accusing them of all kinds of wickedness from treason and polygamy to petty political grafting. To such attacks in certain magazines of the United States, the Mormons replied in a pamphlet signed by the late Councillor John Henry Smith, whose portrait appears on our cover this month, and two other Mormon leaders. The charge of having made certain political compacts with the United States Government is flatly denied in this statement, and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt sustains the Mormons in their denial of political compacts charged to have been made by them with him. The charge of polygamy is also denied by the Mormon Church. "Since that time (the date of the manifesto of 1890) the Church has not performed any plural marriages or authorized any violation of the law thus forbidden." Certain members of the Church, regarding the manifesto as applying to the United States only and considering plural marriage as **malum prohibitum** *and not* **malum in se,** *left the boundaries of the United States and contracted plural marriages. "When this condition was discovered," the Mormon leaders declare,*

"President Lorenzo Snow announced that the manifesto extended to every place, and that the Church has 'positively abandoned the practice of polygamy, or the solemnization of plural marriage in this and every other State, and that no member or officer thereof has any authority whatever to perform a plural marriage or enter into such a relation'. This was published in the Deseret News at Salt Lake City, January 8, 1900." *In* 1904 *this inhibition was reiterated, and "wherever such violations of these positive declarations have been proven by sufficient evidence, they have been dealt with by Church tribunals, and the offenders disciplined or excommunicated." This course "resulted seven years ago in the disfellowshiping of two apostles, and more recently resulted disastrously for four members of a single powerful and reactionary church family," comments ex-President Roosevelt. In fairness to the industrious and progressive Mormon residents of Alberta, such charges as have recently been made against them should not be accepted without accurate and substantial evidence. Mrs. Murphy takes up the question of polygamy this month from first-hand knowledge, and next month she will discuss the question of the Mormon influence in politics.*

POLYGAMY is not practiced by the Mormons in the Province of Alberta.

It has been made to appear that it is. We have been told that the Government must stop the practice, and the Church,—yes, and even you and I.

The story is a mischievous one, and foolish.

The only thing of the kind that has given us any trouble in Alberta is promiscuity, and this is not found among the Mormons.

It is true that certain of the older Mormons have more than one wife whom they support either in Alberta or Utah—they acknowledge this themselves—but we have no reason to doubt their assurance that they are the husband of one wife only.

It is like this: When the Mormons first came to Canada fifteen years ago, they agreed with the Dominion Government that for the privilege of taking up land, and of becoming Canadian citizens, they would rigidly eschew the practice of plural marriages. Some of these men had two wives, or perhaps even more. Popular prejudice being opposed to such an act, it was not advisable to kill off the extra wives by starvation, so that it devolved upon the man to support them. Be it said to the credit of the men that they have not shirked the duty, but in every case have made good. What would you do, good fellows all, were you in their place?

This is not the first time such a thing has happened in Canada. Missionary priests have told me that long ago, before baptizing an Indian chief, they required him to put away all his wives save one, but the missionary expected him to provide for those whom he discarded, as far as lay in his power, for, after all, responsibilities are greater than conveniences.

The only creatures in the North who practice anything approaching polygamy are the moose, certain species of birds, and the Eskimo women, so that, presently, when the railways get as far as the Arctic Sea, we shall have a fine pow-wow over these household scandals and no end of trouble. See if we don't!

It is true that among the Eskimos no marriage ceremony takes place, but the parties live in conjugal union with the approval of all concerned.

In support of this statement I quote from the annual report of Inspector G. L. Jennings, of the "N" Division of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, published at Ottawa under blue covers.

The Mormon Articles of Faith

1. *We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ and in the Holy Ghost.*

2. *We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgressions.*

3. *We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.*

4. *We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by Immersion for the remission of sins; fourth Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.*

5. *We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophesy and by laying on of hands" by those who are in authority to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.*

6. *We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church—namely, Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, Evangelists, etc.*

7. *We believe in the gift of tongues, prophesy, revelations, vision, healing interpretation of tongues, etc.*

8. *We believe the Bible to be the Word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God.*

9. *We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.*

10. *We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.*

11. *We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.*

12. *We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.*

13. *We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say that we follow the admonitions of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things". We have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.*

—*JOSEPH SMITH*

Writing from Fort Macpherson, on February 16th, 1910, concerning the Kogmollock tribe and the white men at the Herschel Island, he says, "A whaler takes a native for the winter. He uses her igloo, making it comfortable and putting in a stove. He provides food for himself, her husband and family. In return, she makes all his skin clothes, keeps all his clothes in repair, does his washing, etc. On the ship leaving, the woman receives ten sacks of flour, some tea, bacon, tobacco, and dress-goods. Sailors coming here repeatedly take the same woman. Years they do not come, outfits are sent in by them by any ship that may be coming. Children are well cared for, and when old enough are usually sent to the government schools in Alaska. Some of the children are now at school in San Francisco and other American cities. This question is one which cannot be regulated in a short space of time by law. . . . I have talked over this question with the Bishop of Yukon, and he agrees with me that it is one which must be handled delicately and with tact, and that the solution of it is a matter of time altogether, with the teachings and examples of the missionaries and other white men in the country."

Now, these cases of the Eskimo at Herschel Island are only parallel with those of the Mormons in Alberta in that there are two households and children to be provided for, and that the fathers feel it incumbent on them to perform this duty. We would respectfully suggest to the Mormon-baiters that they transfer their well-meant but ill-advised attentions to Herschel Island (latitude 70, longitude 140, W. of Greenwich), or worry the Hon. S. H. Blake, of Toronto, who, to a large extent, is sponsor for this mission, into worrying Bishop Stringer of the Yukon who, in turn, can worry Inspector Jennings (at the delta of the Mackenzie River, please note) who, in turn, can worry the Eskimo wives who, in turn, will care not so much as the bursting of one blubber bubble for the entire set of Honorables and Bishops, and not so very much for Inspector Jennings to boot.

It can readily be seen, too, that this little undertaking might not be wholly unpleasant; in that it would have the same charmingly naive denouement as that very popular nursery jingle which relates "how the cat began to eat the rat".

THE WIVES THAT ARE WIVES NO LONGER

But to return to our Albertans of the Mormon persuasion. On her recent visit to our province, Miss Nan Moulton, a clever Winnipeg journalist, had the following conversation with Bishop Harker of Magrath:

"Then is polygamy not practised in Cardston at all?" asked the journalist, in search of adverse evidence.

"Not with the knowledge and consent of the Church, ma'am!" replied the farmer-bishop. "Not since the manifesto of 1890. A man might not desert a woman married in all good faith, and some of the elder men—and here he gave a name or two—have two wives here in Alberta; one in Sterling and one in Raymond; or Magrath and Raymond, as the case may be; one is his wife keeping home, the other a wife no longer, but within supporting distance." He said, moreover: "We try to have our people keep a law that is not to us the law of God, just because it is the law of your country."

The tongues of men and angels could say no more. Here is a man who looks with level eyes into those of his critics and tells the truth, and when a man does this there is no great gulf fixed between him and the rest of the people.

It is four years since an agitation against the Mormons was instigated in Toronto by the Rev. Dr. Sommerville and Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick. At that time the matter was brought before the Alberta Legislature by Mr. Malcolm McKenzie, M. P. P., of Macleod, on point of privilege. He gave the charges an unequivocal denial, stigmatizing them not only as so much daft nonsense but as a cruel libel. The honorable gentleman felt himself entitled to an opinion, since he had lived in Southern Alberta for fifteen years and had been intimately acquainted

FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IS GOING INTO THIS MORMON TABERNACLE AT CARDSTON, WHICH STANDS ON GROUND ONCE OWNED BY CHARLES ORA CARD, THE FIRST MORMON TO SETTLE IN ALBERTA

with this people all that time. In this position he was supported by Mr. T. J. Moore, of Red Deer, and by other members of the House who also knew whereof they spoke.

"The West," said Mr. Moore, "welcomed all kinds of people from all countries, of all creeds, and of all classes, only asking that they be law-abiding citizens. I would say to those men of the East the old proverb, 'Tell the truth and shame the devil'."

Now, there be people in Canada who say that because we need population in Alberta, we are not overly nice inquirers into the conduct of our immigrants and have a tendency to wink at things which older communities would frown upon. It is true that in this province, as in all the other Canadian provinces, we do not care to oil a razor to cut our own throats, and it is equally true that our affairs sometimes go wrong, even as they do in the well-ordered heavens—stars fall and that kind of thing—but I stand to it that the man or woman who dares claim it is our habit to palliate looseness of morals, or licentiousness in any form whatsoever, is either a deliberate calumniator or the neurasthenic victim of an over-wrought and excited brain. No one in this province, no matter what may be his "pull," acquires a right, prescriptive or otherwise, to be iniquitous and go unpunished.

The people of this province are not irreligious; our mouths are not held by bit or bridle: neither are we blind or deaf to the movements of the Mormons and, moreover, should the occasion arise, we do not feel ourselves unequal to the thankless but, after all, elementary task of taking corruption by the throat and choking the life out of it. Yes! I think we can be trusted to manage this without any assistance from outside

In his address before the Alberta Legislature in 1907, Mr. John Woolf, the Mormon member for Cardston, said the rule of his people here was the St. James' version of the Bible, and that they did not permit the practice of polygamy.

Was he telling the truth? We believe so, for shortly afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Whiteman, the Presbyterian pastor at Cardston, said concerning the charges made by the Toronto clergy:

"There are no grounds for such charges, and I have no reason to believe the Mormons are not loyal." In that Mr. Whiteman was stationed among them, he might be fairly supposed to speak to the pith of the matter.

About the same time we find the Rev. Mr. Simmons, the Presbyterian pastor at Lethbridge, going down the lists to do knightly duty on behalf of this much maligned community. He declares that the statements made in Toronto were a reflection on the social, civil, political, and even criminal justice of this province.

"But what about Miss Moulton's charges?" you ask. "These have been made more recently."

As nearly as I can make out, the closest approach to a definite charge against our Canadian Mormons is made by Miss Moulton in the following lines, which I quote from the *Canadian Courier* of July 19th, 1911: "In stores on rainy days and after lodge-meetings, the Mormon men argue after their sort —Brother Dash is a polygamist, names and evidence adduced. His opponent argues hotly in the negative. If another man were sure he would lay information with the Church authorities. And so the weave of talk goes on, unheeding an occasional Gentile who has been long in their midst."

I may be wrong about this—I often am—but seemingly this charge is a report upon hearsay. Scholars would call it *dictum de dicto*, which being flexibly translated, means "hot air". Assuredly, no court of justice would consider it evidentiary in the smallest degree.

And I may be wrong about this also, but merely for the sake of argument kindly cast your eye back over Miss Moulton's charge and see if she does not actually disprove the very thing she is endeavoring to demonstrate, i. e., that the church authorities, and the people generally, approve of polygamy. Would these same men "argue hotly" and threaten to lay information on a suspected brother if they approved of such breaches of the law?

METHODS OF STAKE-AND-FAGGOT DAYS

Speaking of these "accusations vast and vague, spleen-born and profitless," Mr. Cross, the recent Attorney-General of Alberta, said: "There has never been one charge of polygamy made against these people. If the gentlemen knew that crime had been committed, it was their privilege to lay an information when my department would look after it the same as any other charge."

Of course, it is not pleasant to make charges of a criminal nature against anyone, and often dangerous, but, contrawise, it is no more pleasant to be the victim of the charges, especially when the prosecutor makes them under safe cover. There is something terrifying about an ambushed animal that refuses to fight in the open. But even if a wolf should come out, it is extremely difficult to "get a bead" on him; he has a way of mingling with the scenery that is most confusing.

During the session of 1907, this matter of the Mormon doctrines was introduced on the floor of the Dominion Legislature at Ottawa because of certain bitter animadversions made in *The Toronto Globe*. On that occasion, the Hon. Frank Oliver, the Minister of the Interior, contended that our Government did not impose religious tests upon its people. It only required that the people should keep the law. As no objection was made to this statement, we may fairly deduce that the House concurred in this view of the case. I have since spoken to Mr. Oliver personally, and he declares the matter is entirely one for the consideration of the Department of Justice.

Mr. Oliver is right. You cannot handle bees till they swarm, nor Mormons till they break the peace. We hold no man guilty because of his opinions. We are getting to see—slowly, it is true—that a man who holds a belief contrary to our own is not of necessity food for the gallows, and may even get to heaven in the end.

The whole trouble lies in the fact that a certain religious denomination has tried to convert the Mormon people to their form of shibboleth and has

THE "ALBERTA STAKE" CHOIR OF THE LATTER DAY SAINTS AT CARDSTON.—A REPRESENTATIVE PICTURE OF THE MUCH-DISCUSSED ALBERTA MORMON

failed entirely. The denomination has taken its failure too seriously, for after all even the Mormons, should they so desire, have a right to keep their doctrines inviolable. Doctrines are not the special ware of any sect. Everyone must acknowledge this if he be at all fair-minded and have no large bee in his bonnet.

Besides, the denomination in question should bear in mind that from one end of this quarrelsome globe to the other, nothing tends to make people resentful and suspicious—especially Anglo-Saxon people—than an open attempt to "do them good" or "convert" them, however well-meant. It is upon this very reef that many a good cause lays its bones a wreck.

The wisest thing to do with our Mormon citizens is to do nothing for, as noted in the previous paragraph, they are Anglo-Saxons and accordingly an adventurous people who will bite on this, and that, and the other thing, but who, in the end, will swing into true balance because of the fine sanity and finer sense of justice that go to make up the bed-rock principles of the race. Our whole racial history, if you read it aright, is merely the history of many shunts to the sidings, with an ultimate quiet return to the monotony of the long straight rails.

In the meantime, if a few of the Mormons do believe in the back of their heads that plural marriages are better than monogamous ones, or than marriages by trial, or common-law marriages why, let them. There is no reason why they should not even write their opinions in novels and pamphlets, the same as Mr. Robert Chambers, Mr. Robert Herrick, or Mr. Upton Sinclair,—none in the world. Besides it helps the printers and all allied trade.

They are a people who know nothing of slums, jerry-builders, or home-wrecking criminals. We apologize for mentioning it, but the black plague is almost unheard of among them. They work hard, pay their debts, obey the laws, rear large families and educate them in the useful arts. These are the kind of citizens we are looking for in Alberta, where we are still sufficiently

materialistic to believe that the economic and social life, if not as important, are still, in their way, as legitimate as the spiritual one.

For these reasons we have no intention of submitting this community to a gruelling persecution, or because of the uneasy dreams, witless whims, or rancorous reprobation of a few misinformed and misemployed outsiders.

THE PASSING OF JUAN PONCE DE LEON

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

NOW must I die whose life is lived in vain,
Who dreamed such dreams as never hand hath penned,
Who suffered all mishap by surf and plain,
To buy that which the Lord God would not vend.
Through summer seas and stormy did I wend.
Urged ever by the sea-birds' mocking cries,
Till now beneath an evil fate I bend—
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

From lust of youth and lordship was I fain
To seek the Blissful Isle that it might lend
That which would make me young and free from stain.
Methought with all of Youth yet to expend,
The glory of my glory should extend
Throughout all lands aye even to the skies
And now I die unsought by Fame or Friend,
The Fount of Youth— I know not where it lies.

Far oft where birds, soft woods, low surges reign,
Where the far sea and the horizon blend,
There might I seek surcease of all my pain,
And live anew the life that God should send:—
The Blissful Isle? -yet I shall never rend
Its veil of mist; and I- -though worldly wise
Who know all things youth may not comprehend—
The Fount of Youth—I know not where it lies.

ENVOY.

Lord God, my soul to Thee I do commend,
Unfit, unclean my sore-spent body dies;
Thine is the draught of life without an end:—
The Fount of Youth -I know not where it lies.

The Sins of the Mothers

By James Church Alvord

Author of "The Nun at the Tavern," "Comedies of the Manse," etc.

With Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

ALL the boys from The Mount Vernon Chambers drop in at Ma Lapham's for breakfast. At least they do if they have the cash. Ma has raised to fifteen cents for cereal-and-cream, since food-stuff soared, and eggs-on-toast have scaled to a quarter; coffee, however, remains steady at five a cup. Ma has a hearty rollicking way of singing out, "Good-morning, Alec, there's a seat over by the radiator. Don't forget to slam the door hard, the Reverend's got a cold something fierce this A.M. Slam and be—served quick! Thanks aw-w-f'ly," that takes with the whole bunch. She never misses a door-opening and her breakfasts are as well cooked as they are roughly served, which is putting it strong. Mt. Vernon Chambers are a great many things, sanitary, spotless, orderly, punctual on morning-calls, shower-bathed in the corridors and plunge-bathed in the basement, cheaper than anything else, so good, on the Beacon Hill side of Boston; but they are not homelike. Indeed the rule which forbids the pinning of pins and the tacking of tacks into those drear, dull, dun-colored walls is enough—but, there, this story has nothing to do with Mt. Vernon Chambers. The boys exist there; they live at Ma's.

And Ma?—why Ma is fireside reminiscences personified. She smacks of shining milk-pails, and upland pastures at noontide, and rainy afternoons in the garret, and prayers at bed-time in white nighties and over a mother's knee. Of course a fellow's own mother never became so boisterous; but she has a something, an illusive suggestiveness—in short she's Ma. So the crowd all congregate over her counter, the whole gang of them at breakfast and a liberal majority of them for evening

dinner at six-thirty. There's a tradition she serves lunches; but it is scarcely founded on facts.

There are a good many kinds among her customers. The Chambers is a cosmopolitan caravansary, reporters, clerks, vaudeville-sketch artists, Tech students, theologs—these are her "Reverends"—even one of the younger men on the staff of *The Congregationalist*. Ma keeps the seat nearest the radiator for him all through January.

They all come to Ma's when they have the cash. But after the chemical blonde blew into that glittering horseshoe of pull-down stools, pies, cranberry-sauce, and floating-island pudding, they sometimes came when they hadn't. Then they ordered their cereal with milk and in a low, low voice. Ma always administered the milk with tender pity and a glistening tear in her eye; the chemical blonde poured it out as though it were cream.

Not that Maggie was either young or beautiful. There were remnants of former good looks so the boys, discounting from her age all the high lights of her metallic hair with its golden sheen, her palpably artificial figure and complexion, decided that she was well over fifty. She was actually forty-seven. But she represented for these eager young fellows life, and they were avid of life. All the things they looked at through the palings around Paradise she had tasted, the after-theatre suppers, the motors, the rush and swing of wealth and luxury. Even as they came out of Eden, Adam and Eve set the mouths of all the poor, earth-living beasts of the fields outside watering. And the woman kept a certain blytheness about her fall. That gay laugh and jolly swagger, which had been her chief assets in her vaudeville days, were with her yet. Her success had been short, her tumble had been long; but she still wore the glamour of that supreme moment. For them, struggling towards the distant goal, she spelt just that—success. She had refused from the outset to come down to sober black and white, flitting in and out of the horseshoe in pinks and blues and giddy greens which fairly dazzled. She had the sudden brightness, in that half-gloom, of a street-lamp on the edge of a country town bumped into after a good two hours of tramping through a star-dim night. Then she never called them by their first names, she left that to Ma.

She made her first genuine hit the night of the controversy between Ray Standish and the new theolog with the blazing locks. The red-headed one had been arguing for George Eliot against Standish, who detested her. Standish was claiming that that type of woman, the woman who jumps the hedges herself, always ties her heroines down so tight they dare not kick up a little harmless dust along the lanes of life. Suddenly the Methody bawled out to Maggie across the length of the room:

"Say, Mag, what do you think about George Eliot any way? Isn't she all right?"

The waitress stopped short and turned a flaming face his way, showing far more agitation than his question suggested. Her voice rose shrill and protesting against the rattle of plates, the scratch of knives.

"I've no use for the creature," she declared, "she's too remorselessly ethical. I don't wonder living with Romola drove a man to bigamy. It's a wonder," she paused in her rush to eye him a minute, "it didn't drive him into a pulpit. I can't imagine anything more desperate than that." She swirled towards the kitchen. "Chowder twice," she commanded, her tone still a bit ruffled.

But the theolog clamored for her attention. "You've mistaken your calling, Maggie," he insisted, "you ought to be lecturing out at Wellesley instead of hollering clam-chowder orders on Beacon Hill"

The woman laughed grimly—

"God's *in* his heaven —
All's wrong with the world."

She flung the parody at him over her shoulder.

There was an instantaneous lull. Everybody stopped eating: forks, pie-laden, rested in air, spoons paused breathlessly in the midst of coffee-stirring. At last the Congo-man broke

out, "Now what do you know about that? Choice English, picked phrase. Browning's every word, no gaudy ware —whew! Out with the note-book, Ray Standish! slap that into your next copy, youngster! It's slick."

There wasn't another man in the place who could have taken up Browning and parodied her back like that, but Maggie didn't even look at the Congoman. She whirled clear round and faced Ray.

"Is your name Raymond Standish?" she appealed.

"Yes," he answered, startled.

She made her second hit by falling in love with Ray Standish. That really was an awfully good one on Ray. The whole bunch flopped around the floor of the Mount Vernon Chambers, chuckling and screaming over it. It wasn't vociferous love—it didn't show forth to the public for a number of weeks after it began. It consisted in a little flutter of attentions. Ray's coffee was never set before him until his eggs and toast were ready to come along too—he'd evoluted up to the rung where he could have a thirty-cent breakfast every morning by this time; his glass of water had an extra chunk of ice; he never waited his turn for Maggie saw him on the dot and ran. But when she began to cook his eggs herself, even the theologs went around, squinting up their eyes and sniggering. "She's hit hard all right, all right!" Ma never cooked for anybody save the Congoman, unless she was short on cooks—then she had to. Maggie had refused to do it during the cookless period. She proved now to have a special knack at scrambling. Later on the emotion in her breast showed itself rather curiously for love, if it were love. The [illegible]re rat disappeared from her front h[illegible]ir; her dresses dropped several notes l[illegible]wer down in the chromatic scale, and e[illegible]hibited signs of even duller quotations; her jewelry vanished with the e[illegible]ception of one simple band of gold upon her bridal finger. The boys watched to see the puffs behind her head suffer an eclipse, but they didn't. They really were not the removable [illegible]...

And Ray? Standish is one of the rising lights on the literary horizon. He has published two novels already and his stories are appreciated and quoted by that small, exclusive set, whose appreciation marks a man as distinguished if it doesn't plump up his pocket book. He did not write from garnered impressions. In all his twenty-six years of life he had never seen anything about him clear-eyed. He evolved his plots from within and his tragedies, all upon the spiritual plane, were as evanescent and unsubstantial as the shadows in a birch wood on a March morning. When *The Knocker* ended up its ten-thousand-dollar fiction contest by proclaiming and acclaiming Raymond Standish the winner of its first five-thousand-dollar prize, there was a howl of incredulity at Ma's. Even Ma had read enough of the boy's fiction to scream her disbelief, waving a towel of triumph all the while. Maggie fled into the kitchen to hide her tears and the gang carried Ray upon their shoulders back to The Chambers. He kicked and protested the whole way. A crowd of urchins followed; all the windows of the Otises and the Curtises flew wildly up, and Jemmy Tomlinson gained a black eye from Ray's violently objecting heel. That *The Knocker*, the hustling, bustling, muck-raking, moral-crusading, spook-hunting *Knocker* should have crowned the stories of "Our Twentieth-Century Hawthorne"—so *The Boston Herald* had called him in a fine burst of admiration—was enough to wake all Mt. Vernon Street from its hallowed slumbers.

Just after this the boys began to guy young Standish openly over Maggie's infatuation. To have experienced both *The Knocker* and a chemical blonde in one month was too much for the lad's dearest friends—everybody had a poke at him. He stood it for a week or two, then fled the place. He wandered first down to The New England Kitchen, but the maiden-lady clerks, stenographers and editors from *The Unitarian House* frightened him before two weeks were out: he tried Marliave's, but the French actresses from a company exhibiting at The Majestic ogled him brazenly: he lunched at The

Parker House, but forgot to fee the waiter, being too shy to return when he did remember out in the office, so that door was shut. He was strolling back from this last misadventure along Park Street, loitering leisurely past the freshening green of the Common, rejoicing in the first, faint signs of winter's breaking up. They were very few and very faint, and when a sudden shower, a pelting, drenching sort of thing, set him on the run for the State House tunnel. There was only one other person in that long stretch of gloom and, listening to the music of the rain, hugging up for shelter against the wall as the fine mist whipped through the arcade, he did not at first notice her. At a second glance she seemed familiar —at a third, the chemical blonde. Her face glimmered mournfully in that dank gloom and he, conscience-smitten, went across to speak to her. She gave him no chance, but broke out at him before his feet had reached the sidewalk.

"We don't see you any more," she said in a low, plaintive tone.

"No," he answered, awkward before her and blushing scarlet. "Do you miss me? It is good to be missed."

"That's conventional," she protested, "bromidical—of course we do. That's bromidical too!" she tumbled along heedlessly. "You look like my boy, the boy I lost. The gang thought I was—was—stuck on you," she weighed the word, picked it up, rejected it, and at last flung it full at him. "But I wasn't."

"I knew that." In spiritual things his was an undimmed vision. "I never thought so. Your son is dead?"

"No. We haven't lived together for years, my husband and I. My boy was a child when I left him—and I—I wasn't much more than a child either. I didn't know—then."

Standish was touched, but he was something more. For the first time it occurred to him to test his fiction by life. The woman growing and developing on his typewriter at that very moment had gone through just this experience, had left her child when young, had thrown her husband to the winds—if husbands can be thrown that way by wives—and had come in maturer life to feel the utter emptiness of it all without the things she'd rejected. "The wild regrets, the bloody sweats, none know so well as"—this very Maggie beside him. His artistic nature triumphed for a moment. A story on the brain eats up the sensibilities like a cancer.

"But you have repented?" he questioned eagerly. She did not meet the requirements—she'd not been born on a typewriter.

"Repented—what is it to repent? Repentance is nothing more than indigestion on the soul. You've eaten your cake and you have it still—in the wrong place. Cake hurts in the wrong place. My husband and I weren't made to live together. He wished to be good—I wished to be happy. Still, if he hadn't thought evil things about me, and tossed them into my face—Oh, a prig and his wife are soon parted. He wasn't cake, if he was in the wrong place!" She wrinkled all her face in comical rebellion. "But my boy! Even then that was different. And since—I can't tell you—I am a fool to try to tell you—you are just a boy yourself." She turned on him defiantly.

His mind was still beside his typewriter and on his copy. "But your life," he protested, "you are an educated woman, a clever woman, surely your life has been one long torture to your spirit?"

She laughed—a soft, rippling laugh, as merry and as careless as the tinkle of a brook through August meadows. "I've had a rippin' time," she confessed, "I've enjoyed it all, every bit of it, the lights and the laughter, the music and the hand-clapping, the dressing and the larking. I loved it at the top, and I liked it at the bottom. I didn't mind fading into a has-been even. Has-beens have memories. Why, Ma Lapham's was fun, the way the boys turned their faces when I fluttered in! O, I've had the jolliest life all through." She sobered down and a bleak look crept into her eyes. "Then something happened, something big. Big things always come in little ways, I think, and I saw it with somebody's eyes. Those

eyes saw it cheap. I'd have swept it all by, then, just to drop my head down upon my boy's shoulder and have him kiss me once. It was too late—too late!"

She stopped suddenly and a natural scarlet flamed through all her face. She laughed again, but bitterly. "How it soaks into us," she cried, "I used to say that, just that, in the play I first starred in. Now I mean it, I don't say it half so well, but I gestured just the same way. I reckon, honey—"

He interrupted her, all his psychological investigation tattered into shreds and patches. "My mother was a Southerner, too."

The smile upon her lip softened, a touch of triumph slipped in. She had gained something she sought.

"You remember your mother," she suggested tentatively.

"No, she died when I was a little lad. All I recall is one day when I'd been naughty—I suppose I'd been naughty for father doesn't seem to remember anything about it—and she came to me. She kissed me and wept and wept and kissed me. Oh, over and over again"—The listener's face had become a curious study, it was hungry, ravenous with desire—"She was very beautiful—no—" he corrected himself slowly, groping around in the dim corners of his memory, "she was awfully pretty and that's. I never knew anybody who knew her, except father. He married her while he was pastor of the Protestant Church in Paris, and she died there, is buried there, I believe. Father won't talk about her—just won't. I think she was a music-student."

"And she was a Southerner." The woman was playing on his memory, making bold, clever strokes, trusting in his unearthiness to shield her rashness, "I scarcely recall my own Virginian [illegible]."

"But she was a Virginian." His eyes were wide.

"We were near countrywomen then. My name was Margaret—" she paused before finishing, and he broke in once more, as she intended.

"My mother was Margaret too," he dropped his voice reverently as he repeated the grave, old-fashioned name, "Margaret Lindsay."

She did not take up the subject of her own last name again, but turned a pair of appealing, tear-dimmed eyes up towards him. "Then you will come back," she pleaded, "for your mother's sake, for my boy's sake?"

"Yes," he promised solemnly, "I will come back."

A month after his return *The Knocker* brought out his story. The illustrations had been done by the most famous artist on their staff and proved to Standish a crucifixion heavier than he felt quite able to bear. He carried the magazine down to Lapham's that evening and delayed his breakfast the next morning in order to enjoy the comments of the women—or at least of one of them. Ma is catapultic. She slings her compliments with such gusto as to daub her victim from head to foot with sweets and leave him sticky and nauseated. But the chemical blonde showed a singularly penetrating intelligence—the woman who appreciates a fellow's stuff in the right way always does. She had managed far too many men in her life to be ignorant of this fact, and a wee devil of a grin lurked in the depths of her eyes as she leaned across the polished counter to sympathize with all the young author's outpourings, the horror of those illustrations the tragedy of one whole semicolon gone astray. Yet there was something else, a strange irradiation of the whole countenance, an inner light which welled up and glorified the face with an unspeakable tenderness and gentleness. Ma wondered where she last saw that look and, when she did remember after a minute, the place was too sacred for even a moment's association with a chemical blonde. Yet, carrying a load of plates back into the kitchen, she sniffled as she went.

Then the door blew gustily open and a rough voice cried, "Here, Mag, quit your tattlin'! I'm grubbin' off'n you this morn. Shove out a plate of beans a couple of sinkers, and a cup of coffee, red hot. Step lively, girl!"

She waked from her absorption with a start, her face went red with mortifica

tion as she looked around at the dirty, seedy, tattered hulk slipping into a seat by the counter. Ma, at the kitchen door, had straightened out all her dimples with disgust; and Standish, gathering up *The Knocker*, fled. Yet Maggie dropped the order before the man with a certain gentleness, as she asked, "Hungry, Tom?"

He didn't look up from his eager munching. He ate with a curious daintiness for a tramp, and did not reply to her query.

"Who's your fancy?" he asked. She did not answer in her turn, being apparently busy with Ray's dishes, piling them with care. So he screamed at Mrs. Lapham, "Say, Ma, who was that beaut of a bloke buzzing Maggie when I came in?"

"Come now, Tom—" began the waitress; but Ma had reappeared in her most majestic pose. Thus does the flunky of a Prime Minister announce the King. "That is Ray—" she proclaimed, and Maggie tore in with desperation. "Don't tell him—for God's sake, don't tell him! I——" The damage was done. Once started, Ma is a freight train with broken brakes on a down grade. "That is Raymond Standish"—Maggie threw herself back against the counter and waited with a sort of frantic patience—"the most distinguished of New England's rising masters of fiction and a descendant of the Standishes of Plymouth, Miles, and Why-don't-you-speak-for-yourself-John, and—and—all that sort of thing." She ended with a vague wave of her dish-cloth, having exhausted both her historical knowledge and her borrowed vocabulary. Could the Congo-man have heard her he'd never been guilty of it again—that vocabulary!

The man looked the chemical blonde long and quizzically in the eye.

"So that's it, is it?" he sneered.

Half-an-hour later Maggie, coming out from The Grill, stopped a moment on the door-step, loitering in the bluster of a late March breeze. The air was cold but bracing and, as she stood there buttoning the little coat of black she affected of late, a natural pink came up beneath the artificial, the years dropped from her with a sudden magic. She was still drawing on a pair of dainty gloves as she lingered before the window of the post office station opposite. There were all sorts of odds and ends exhibited in the window and a flood of the just-out magazines; but her smiling eyes were fastened only on *The Knocker* and its blazonry of jubilance over the five-thousand-dollar-prize story. The most exasperating of the illustrations glared gaudily from its cover. Maggie didn't see it, she was reading one name over and over again. Her hunger could not find surcease. Then a thought struck her. She hurried across to Mt. Vernon Street, going that way for the sake of a bit of a park and a scraggly group of city-sick trees upon the road. The buds were just showing a dot of green on every bursting tip, the grass was blythe and soft, the grim statue which pompously attitudinizes over the park and above a rusty iron fence, had gained a certain softness in the sweet, spring sunshine, as she passed. She could not but lessen her speed to sip these accustomed joys. At Pinkney Street she came to a full stop and drank in, for a scant moment, the blue of the Charles River and the fine fling of a church tower thrust out against the sky. From Pinkney Street she turned into a narrow court, inserted her latch-key into the lock on the shabby door of a shabby house in a shabby brick block and swept into the hall.

Her landlady met her at the top of the stairs, all one flutter of anxiety.

"Yer brother he come here ten minutes ago, Mis' Carter," she protested, "an' I wouldn't a-let him up, but you said so yourself, you did. 'Mis' Harrison,' says you, 'twere only last week an' me a-peelin' th' potatoes for th' dinner-table all th' while—'Mis' Harrison,' says you, right down in th' basement kitchen it were, 'my brother is to go up on askin'—them's your very words, 'on askin'.' He swore somethin' awful an' he were drunk somethin' fierce. He done a clogger right here, right here on this very carpet as I've earned keepin' lodgers and such like. He wanted me to send out for a hand-up, me as has always lived respectable,

he did. He said such dancin' deserved orkeeds, he did. If you weren't so quiet and lady-like yourself—"

The face below her flushed indignantly and the landlady saw her mistake. "He's up there," she pointed to her first-floor-front breathlessly. Maggie leaped upwards like a swift flame bursting through bonds. Her hair flashed in the dull flicker of the hall-light as she went.

The room was far more comfortable than the woman's circumstances warranted. Indeed a score or more of little elegancies, a fire burning brightly in a grate, numberless photographs of herself in different parts—even the latest bore the signature of expensive studios—gave a certain air to its comfort and bore out the theory of the boys at Ma's that Maggie had some source of income beyond her mere wages as a waitress. There were no signs of the brother. The woman looked around in surprise but began mechanically to draw off her gloves, slip out of her jacket, remove her hat. She was pulling out the last pin, daintily and gracefully, when a soft clicking sound, of which she had been conscious on entering the room, burst out into a sudden sputter of tearing and rending. With a swift stride she jumped to the door of her bedroom and flung the portiere aside. The room was small, plain, but clean. In one corner, before her trunk, throwing things about with eager, searching hands, knelt the ill-omened figure she had fed in the grill not an hour before. He did not even turn as she entered and she stood looking down on him, her eyes full of a laughing scorn. It was not unkind, not malignant, but gentle, even motherly. So might a mother, indeed, look at a baby rifling an empty jam-closet.

"There isn't any there," her voice fairly gurgled with mirth, "I haven't kept it there since you swiped the last fifteen."

"'Tain't money I'm swiping this trip." The man was apparently no more startled or frightened than herself.

"Not money?" She was surprised this time and somewhat ruffled. "What on earth are you pulling my things all to pieces over, if it isn't—say, look here, that's my best muslin skirt. Handle it carefully—the lace on those flounces cost cash!"

The man kept deliberately at his search, tossing recklessly about all the delicate flummery of her wardrobe, while she stood gazing down upon him, her teeth set firmly in her lip every now and then, at some particular roughness, uttering a sharp, short cry. From the bottom of the trunk he fished out a sandal-wood box and rose in staggering, drunken triumph to his feet. He had evidently swilled a good deal more since she saw him at the grill for his feet were unsteady and his hands tremulous. When Maggie saw the box she gave a jump forward, or rather the beginning of the suggestion of a jump, for she arrested herself in mid-flight.

"Yep," he sneered with the coarse sarcasm of his tribe, "I've caught right on, saw the ad. about your brat's prize story in the window across from your hang-out"—Maggie's soul winced, that had been the fear which sent her flying home—" And I ain't reckoning to leave your kid with all that fistful to spend a-decorating his own self. He's a pink-souled lot, the kid. Somebody's going to flim-flam him if I don't. It's a mercy, just a mercy, to have the lemon-squeezing done by his home-folks. He may be tight on the wad, though he ain't that kind of a looker; but I'll manage to remove the outer cuticle of that wad—'outer cuticle,' I say that's the stuff, reminds me I'm college-bred. Hey. Mag!"

The woman roused herself to furious denial. "My kid—my brat—what rot are you getting off at me, Tom?"

"I'm conversing concerning your kid, Madam, your brat, Madam—I'm breaking to you gently my intentions concerning the bank-account of Mr. Raymond Standish, son of the Reverend Myles Standish and his wife, Mrs. Margaret Linds-s-s-s——" She had her hand across his mouth and the s's came sputtering out.

"Hush," she implored, "hush—the walls are awfully thin in this house. Hush!"

The man released his mouth, grin-

ning. "What's the use of lying, Mag?" he jeered. "The mug on that brat is just a dead give-away. Put skirts on him and he'd be yourself, he's a womanish lot, he is. I reckoned he wasn't anything ordinary when I saw him feedin' at Ma's with his hat off. She hasn't a dozen does that. I'd have tumbled to the racket even if Ma hadn't opened her pie-chopper and leaked information. He's got your curls, he's got your eyes, he's—he's you before you chemicaled. And because he's you, he ain't going to stand for having his mommer flinging around chowder at a hash-house and his nunkie earning an honest and industrious but over-arduous living off'n hittin' the road. If I've any persuadin' left in my jaw——"

But Maggie had regained her usual nonchalance. She revelled to herself in secret glee that he was so dull with drink, she realized at once that her only course was to fall in with his humor.

"I never thought of that, Tom," she triumphed, "you're the clever one, you are! I was satisfied with what the Reverend hands out; I never thought of skinning the young 'un too. You're the clever lad and no mistake. Let me see what I've got in that box." She reached forth an imperious hand and the man somewhat grumblingly laid the case upon it.

She picked the papers out one by one, unfolding them as she did so—a marriage certificate, an agreement of separation, two plump packages of letters. These latter she began to tear from their envelopes, to open them wide.

"There's your wedding ring, too, Mag," suggested the man, "that's got the names on, all spelled out." She made a little grimace at his words, but twisted the ring from her finger. It was loth to come off and she worked at it steadily, backing into her further room as she worked. Her brother followed, groping on unsteady feet. He still carried the heavy pocket-knife with which he had wrenched open her trunk, a cruel, savage weapon. She glanced at it timorously, for she knew his sudden angers all too well and she intended to anger him. In a moment she decided to run the risk. At the fireplace she turned to the gas.

"Bring me a match, there's a good fellow," she requested, "they're in the dangler under the other burner. No—right there by the window. I can't see a thing here."

He turned. The moment he did so, she stooped and with one rapid gesture flung the wide open papers on the coals, scattering the letters loosely, shoving the ring into the midst of the burning mass with one quick thrust of the poker. She lifted the blower and slung it into place. When he turned again, attracted by the rattle of the blower, she was kneeling with her breast pushed against that shield, her arms thrust through the two pillars on either side of the fireplace, her hands knit together. It took him a moment to realize what she had done and then he leaped upon her. It was far from an unequal contest—the woman was large, robust, full, healthy, the man worn by dissipation and never very vigorous at best. He dropped his knife at her feet as he sprang.

At first he contented himself with jerking spasmodically at her arms and shoulders, while she attempted to reason with him.

"I shan't allow it," she panted, "I shan't have you go to him, the owner of a good name, a boy who's made a name for himself, and tell him that I, the skirt-dancer, the tights-wearer, the chemical blonde, the hash-slinger in a grill, am his mother. I may have made my bed, but he shan't lie in it. Do you hear me, Tom? I'm not much of a mother, but I'm more than that."

But, as he merely tore at her hands and then, maddened by the crackling roar of the flames inside, began to beat her, she started on another tack.

"I'll see that the Rev. gives you more money—I will, honest, Tom, if you'll leave the kid alone. He's going over the water any way, the kid—you can't do anything with him. I'll get you the iron men from the Rev. to-morrow, I will sure. I'll tell him about the kid. You hurt me, Tom, you hurt me awfully."

The man did not answer, beating her

with cruel might. He struck her shoulders and her arms with his fists, he slapped both pal[illegible] Realizing the us[illegible] she merel[illegible] r a [illegible] minute or so h[illegible] brutal[illegible] ness rou[illegible] neath the th[illegible] civilization.

"Leggo," he [illegible] "leggo—or [illegible] rv! Leggo. I sav—

She bit her lip [illegible] r nip and clenched [illegible] ing. He begar[illegible]

he could not unloose her grasp. Picking up his knife, he rubbed it along her jaw. "Leggo," he cursed, "leggo—or, [illegible] you, I'll use this

She turned then, one withering look into which all the disgust of years was concentrated. "I won't," she said.

With that his anger, the anger of a man whose every passion has been mortified for decades, who has never leashed his spirit by one decency, boiled over and he struck her with the knife. He stabbed low, fearful of doing her too great an injury, cowardly for himself even in his frenzy, but he stabbed again and again. The blood spirted after the blade as he drew it out. In a moment she relaxed her grip, tumbled into a pathetic heap upon the hearth-rug. He tore the iron shield from before the grate; within was only

a graying heap of scarlet ashes. The ring had dripped away.

Maggie lay in a snarl of rumpled raiment on the rug almost unconscious. The breast of her gown was scorched and cracked. When she revived a little, she found her brother standing over her, gazing down upon her, stupidly, wonderingly.

"I didn't mean to do it, honey," he stammered, "I right sure didn't go for to do it! I must have lost myself, honey." In his repentance his boyhood's speech strangely returned. He was a child upon the old Virginia plantation, once more. The negroid dialect dribbled from his lips. "I'm right sorry I did it, honey," he muttered. The sight of her blood had sobered his intoxication.

Her old energy and resourcefulness came sweeping back. She began instinctively to think first for others as all women do.

"Lift me to my bed, Tom," she commanded, "and then I'll give you an hour to get away. You've hurt me bad and I want to live—I just have to live. I'm afraid to die—awfully afraid to die. I must have a doctor in an hour; but I'll give you that time. Put me on the bed, now."

He lifted her with a certain gentleness and carried her, staggering with grief and fear and her weight, to her bedroom.

Two hours later Mrs. Harrison, bringing up the laundry, knocked at her lodger's door and, receiving no answer, entered hurriedly. The room was in some confusion, ashes were strewn across the hearth, and along the rug lay a great brownish stain. For a moment the woman gasped and then; hearing a low, sobbing sound, crossed to the sleeping apartment.

She shrieked, wildly, frantically, hysterically, and rushed along the hallway. There was nobody, besides herself and one other—one dreadful other—in the house; so she fled through the front door, down the steps, and reeled, at the bottom, into the arms of Raymond Standish, who was just returning from his afternoon's stroll along the Charles' Embankment. Her cries, her tremblings, her utter incoherence, frightened the young man at the outset; but he decided that it was a case of mere womanishness and led her into the house. Here, as she constantly screamed of "Mis' Carter—Mis' Carter," he ordered her sharply to take him to Mrs. Carter. There was nobody along the street to whom he could appeal, and one glance from the first-floor window showed him a still-deserted thoroughfare.

The chemical blonde lay upon her bed, unconscious, breathing in gasps and retchings. Her eyes were closed. At first Standish did not recognize her, was more employed with the spineless Mrs. Harrison and her violent throwings of herself upon the floor. Then one scrutinizing look assured him.

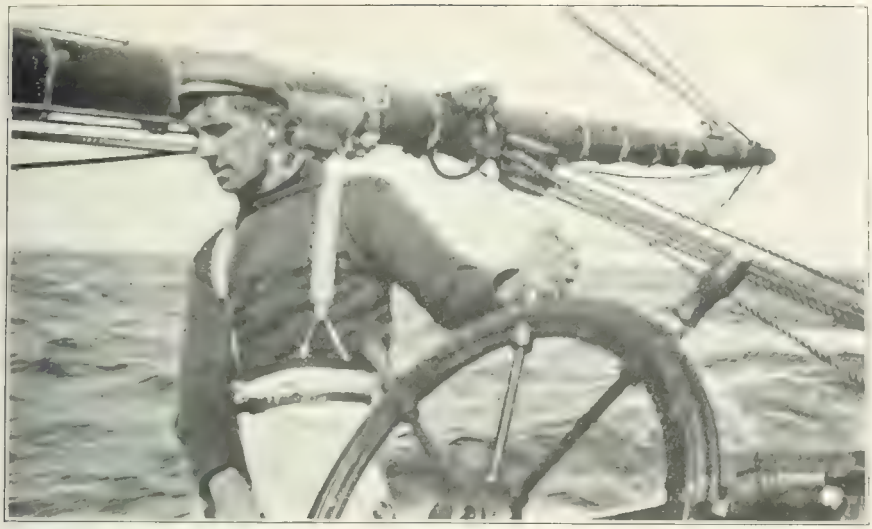
"Why, it's Maggie," he cried.

The name, the voice, the presence, something, touched her through her darkness and she opened her eyes, she even attempted to sit up. But the struggle opened her wounds, the blood burst forth afresh, the ooze of it bubbled on her lips; and, just as he grasped her hand in his and clasped it close, with one rapturous smile up into his face—she died.

The landlady pulled herself together with a jerk of astonishment, feminine curiosity for the moment quieting down her fears.

"Oh, you knew her—you knew her well," she stammered

"Yes," he answered softly and reverently, "she was the waitress at the grill where I take my meals."



THE AUTHOR RELIEVING THE WHEEL

Farmers of the Sea

By Frederick William Wallace

Illustrated with Photographs

A STIFF nor'wester was howling across the Banks, and the flying spray whipped from the crests of the waves mingled with the misty rain which drove, fog like, from off the Newfoundland coast. A few weather-defying passengers on the big liner bucking her way to the westward, watched with interest the antics of a small schooner flying along, close hauled, a few hundred yards away. As the little vessel rose upon a mighty, white-crested comber, her bowsprit soared sky high, while half of her gleaming underbody emerged from the foaming water like a gamboling porpoise. For a short moment she paused on the hill top of blue green sea, and then swashed down into the trough with a crash which buried her bows and sent a cloud of spray as high as the foretopmast cross trees. Under her reefed main sail and lower sails, she would rise and disappear from view on the hills and dales of racing, surging seas, and roll down to leeward in a manner which made the onlookers hold their breaths involuntarily. Within a biscuit toss she came; her sails dark with rain and spray; briny water sluicing from every scupper hole; and the white water from under her sharp bows foaming and tossing along the bends of her black hull to mingle with the hissing wake astern.

Aft, near the wheel, three oilskin clad figures gazed up at the ponderous bulk of the liner with aggressive, semi-

contemptuous stares, until, like a sea skimming bird, the schooner drove over the wind harried combers, and misty rain and spray hid ships and men from each other's sight.

A Toronto broker, homeward bound from an Old Country trip, turned and enquired of the second mate. "Don't you think those fellows are taking big chances in this weather with a small vessel like that?

"No!" replied the officer, tersely. "They're Bank fishermen."

To him, this seemed explanation enough. He was of the sea, and nautically wise. He knew the Grand Bankers; knew their seamanship; their reckless daring; and was also aware of their hatred for the hard-driving liner running on schedule time with mails and passengers aboard. A half-forgotten memory of a passage when he had heard the muffled scream in the fog, and seen the splintered dory whirling past in the cream of the racing bow wave, had opened his eyes and made him an able interpreter of the fisherman's antipathy.

. . . . . .

Off the coast of Nova Scotia and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there lie great patches of shoal ocean known as "banks," where, at certain seasons of the year, the cod, mackerel, haddock, hake, halibut, gusk and numerous other members of the finny tribe congregate during their migratory journeys. These banks are all named and are as familiar to the fishermen as the streets of their home ports, and over them the fishing schooners roam and gather in the harvest of the sea.

South of Nova Scotia lies Brown's and La Have Banks; to the southeast is Sable Island Bank, and still further east lies Banquereau—known to all fishermen as "Quero." Off Canso, N. S., lies Canso Bank, and to the eastward of Cape Breton is situated St. Pierre and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

The type of vessel mainly employed

WOMEN OF THE FLEET ON THE DRYING-GROUNDS

GATHERING THE FISH AFTER DRYING

in Bank fishing is the easily handled and fast sailing schooner. They range from 60 to 90 feet in length; are built upon beautiful yacht-like lines, and carry an immense spread of sail. In winter fishing, the topmasts are usually sent down, and the schooners carry nothing but their four lower sails, consisting of mainsail, foresail, forestaysail or jumbo, and jib. The weather to be met with on the Banks at that season of the year will not permit of any "flying kites," and though the fisherman is the last man in the world to reduce sail, he is wise enough to know exactly what his vessel will stand.

The crews carried on each schooner vary from ten to twenty-four men, who are paid according to the value of their catch—an arrangement which encourages the men to their best efforts.

In addition to fresh fishing, or "shacking" on the Banks, many of the schooners make special voyages, "halibuting" and "haddocking," besides running up to the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts buying frozen herring in winter. This herring is mostly used for bait purposes, and is brought down to the home ports and sold to the vessels of the fleets. Besides these craft, there are the "seiners" and salt fishermen. The former operate mostly in the mackerel fishery and operate the seine nets from a seine boat launched from the schooner when the school of mackerel is sighted. The salt fishing trip is a lengthy one, and may keep the vessel at sea for many weeks, as the fish caught are cleaned and salted on board, and a skipper will seldom return until he is full to the hatch combings. From Lunenburg, N. S., a great fleet of "salt" bankers sail, and the fleet hailing from that port is the largest in C[illegible]

Winter fishing upon the Banks is [illegible]ere, and the hardships undergone by the men of the winter fleets are untold. Plunging around for days in the schooners; lashed with snow and sleet; with decks continually awash and bodies numb and well-nigh frozen with the intense cold, they have, perforce, to pursue their business upon the wild waters and supply the hungry markets with sea-food. Working all day in frail dories; standing up in them

to haul in the heavy trawl lines with the little boat pitching and jumping over the gray, breaking seas; taking a spell every now and again to knock off the accumulating ice on the gunnels; and continually handling frozen gear with fingers numb with cold, they have no sinecure.

Then again, there is the yellow bank fog—steaming, impenetrable mists—which hides schooners and dories from view, and exposes the lonely men in the boats to the dangers of being lost, and the schooners to the risk of being run down by the hard-driving liners crossing the Banks. Truly it is a hard life, but with the fishermen it is a matter of business. It does not worry them in the least, and I have seen them make a "set" in a wind and sea which would appall a landsman, while as for fog—it is regarded as a mere bagatelle. "When it shuts down thick—hang on to your trawl anchor. The schooner will pick you up, sooner or later!" So the fishermen say, but I have met men who were deserted, thro' no fault of the vessel, and when they found that the schooner had lost them, calmly gurdied up the anchor and pulled for the nearest land, sixty miles away. Sixty miles over open sea on a dark winter's night, thro' pelting rain and snow is a task calculated to daunt most men—except fishermen. They are kindred to the sea and unafraid of her whims and moods.

The liners, however, have instilled fear in otherwise staunch hearts, and not without cause. Stories of being run down in fogs by them are common topics in a schooner's foc'sle, and when a steamer is heard blowing in their vicinity, the fear is fully evident. One night, while slatting around in a dense fog upon Roseway Bank, we heard a steamer's fog-horn sounding in the pall to starboard, and almost immediately the two side lights of a large vessel could be seen standing towards us. On the hail from the skipper, all hands scrambled up on deck, and kerosene torches were lighted with the haste born of fear, while the fog-horn was pumped with vigor. The glaring torches served their purpose and revealed us to the steamer, who swung around and backed off into the fog again. Not a soul went below until they were sure that the stranger was well clear. "Damn them!" growled one old salt. "They'd run slam inter ye an' not stop ter pick ye up. Remember th' 'Fame,' boys? Steamer run inter her—cut her in two—an' while they were atryin' ter launch a passel o' rotten boats from their davits —th' hull gang—twenty-two o' them—drowned alongside."

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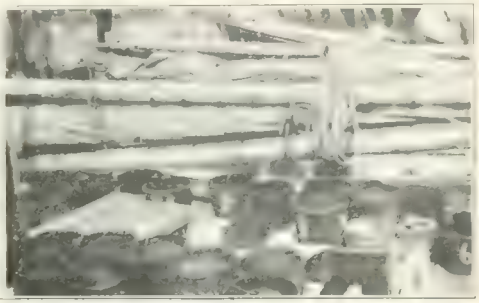
From the ports of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, a numerous fleet of fishing schooners fit out, and laying a course for the bank to be fished, sail, until the questing leadline tells of shoal water. It is only necessary for the leadsman to call out the depth for all hands to guess exactly where they are. Years of practice and familiarity with the soundings on the shoals have made it possible for the average fisherman to ascertain his position at sea by the simple process of heaving the lead. So accurate have some of them become in this art, that navigating instruments, other than lead, log and compass, are regarded as being unnecessary gear. Others, probably the Ananiases of the fleet, declare that by merely smelling or tasting the bottom of the lead, they can tell their position to a foot.

Arriving upon the bank intended to be the scene of operations—called in fishermen's parlance "making a berth," the skipper gives the call of "Bait up!" and the gang tumble out with alacrity, and proceed to bait the thousand or more hooks which run to a three tub set. Each tub of trawl line is 2,100 feet long and is fitted with "gangings" or shorter lines spliced or hitched into the main line at intervals of 32 to 36 inches apart. Upon these gangings are the hooks, and some six hundred odd go to the single tub. Each dory, as a rule, sets three to four tubs. In summer, the whole are set at once, but in winter the custom is to set one tub at a time, as the weather is such that a man may have to cut loose from his gear and return to the vessel.

To the uninitiated, it should be explained that a dory is a small, double

ended boat from 16 to 18 feet long; flat bottomed, deep sided, and with considerable flare and sheer. Their build is peculiar to the fishermen of the East Coast, while their seaworthiness and ability to stand heavy weather, besides being easy to scull or row has led to their universal adoption by all fishermen.

After baiting up with either herring caplin or squid the skipper sings out "Get ready! Lower away dories!" Hoisting out their dories, the baited trawl tubs are placed in them, while the two dory-mates take their places and overhaul the gear. The spare hand and the cook take the dory painter and making it fast astern, the dories are towed by the vessel until the order is given to let go. With the men in the boats, the first part of the fishing operations is to cast the anchor. To this anchor is attached a line and buoy, as well as the end of the baited trawl line.



TRAWL TUBS HOLDING A LONG LINE STRUNG WITH HOOKS. IT IS A NICE TASK TO BAIT UP A TRAWL WITHOUT RIBBONING ONE'S FINGERS

EACH COD FISHERMAN AS THE SCHOONERS SET OFF FOR LA HAVE

WHEN THE SALT IS WETTED AND THE SCHOONER COMES HOME TO HER WHARF THE MEN UNLOAD THE CATCH WITH LONG FORKS

As soon as it is over the side, the dory-mates pull the dory and heave the trawl lines out of the tubs by means of a heaving stick—one man to the oars and the other standing up and paying out the gear. When all the trawl has been paid out, the men hang on to the end and allow from 30 to 45 minutes for the "set." When the time has elapsed, they commence hauling the lines in, and the fish caught are, by a deft turn of the wrist, slung into the pen at the bottom of the dory. Dog-fish, skate, sculpins, and other useless fish are slatted off on the gunnel into the sea again.

In the meantime, the schooner with only the skipper, spare hand and cook aboard, has been "jogging" up and down the line of dories. "Jogging" is a semi-hove-to condition, maintained by hauling the jumbo to windward and easing off the main sheet. As the vessel comes up and falls off, she makes but little way, but when the haul has been made, she draws away to pick up the dories. One by one, they come alongside, and the catch is tallied and tossed into pens on the schooner's decks, and after the dories are hoisted aboard and nested, the crews turn to and clean and gut the fish. All hands, except skipper and cook, busy themselves at this work, and store the cleaned fish upon ice in the vessel's hold. Upon salt fishermen, the fish are split and salted.

Sailing from bank to bank—to the berths known as good fishing ground to the various skippers—the schooners roam in quest of their harvest. A dozen different methods are employed, but the foregoing illustrates the most

popular. Others called "dory-handliners" fish by means of ordinary handlines from an anchored dory. They take their bait with them, and bait their hooks as fast as a catch has been made. Handlining is also done from the decks of small schooners, but this method is confined to narrower and more sheltered waters than on the open banks.

When the fishing vessel has got her load, or when circumstances compel her to make for port, the hatches are battened down, gear stowed away and with the gripes over the dories, preparations are made for the drive to port. It is a happy moment when, after the last fish has been stacked in the hold, the skipper sings out: "Come on, fellers! Git th' kites on her!" Balloon jib is routed out from the locker, staysail is overhauled, and gaff-topsails cast adrift. Out on the bowsprit we go—a mob of laughing and fervent and cursing men. "Bend th' balloon, an' up she goes!" Staysail is sent aloft next and willing hands sway the sheet taut, while the gaff-topsails are set to the breeze. "Swing her for home!" cries the skipper. "No' west b'nothe!" The man at the wheel repeats the course as he swings the wheel over, and the gallant schooner rolls down to the breeze, "Homeward bound, and with a full fare!"

Timid indeed is the skipper who shortens sail before the wind rolls her down until the lower deadeyes of the lee-rigging disappear from sight in the mad boiling under her lee, and such things as carrying away a topmast, blowing away a staysail, or splitting a lower, are but incidentals for which the owners gladly pay.

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Statistics and figures are but dry things at any time, but it is worth noting that, though Canada's maritime supremacy in the offshore fleets has declined, the branch devoted to her fisheries is still holding its own. Figures for the year 1910 show that nearly 100,000 men, 1,750 vessels, and 41,170 boats are employed in this connection, and the total value of vessels, plants, boats and gear amounts to the considerable sum of $17,357,932.

British Columbia, with her extensive salmon fishing industry, leads the way in value, nearly $7,000,000 being in-

[illegible] ALWAYS A BED OF ROSES. COLD, WET, AND LONG HOURS ARE THE FISHERMEN'S PORTION

THE SALMON OF THE PACIFIC COAST BEING TRANSFERRED FROM SCOW TO CANNERY

vested in plants and gear. The salmon fishing is carried on principally from small boats working with nets, seines and traps at the mouths of the great coast rivers and inlets, and the scene at the mouth of the Fraser River during the salmon "runs" is one of extraordinary animation. As far as the eye can see, thousands of boats dot the water from horizon to horizon, while at the canneries the sight of the countless cans piled up; the fish tugs and scows coming in with tons of silver-scaled salmon; and the bustle and activity of the cannery hands, is a sight never to be forgotten.

The bulk of the salmon caught is salted and dried for export, while canned "sockeye" finds its way to every market in the world.

In addition to the lordly salmon, the halibut and herring fisheries are also very extensive. Nearly 20,000 men, a large proportion of whom are Japanese and Indians—are employed in the fisheries of British Columbia.

To the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia we must turn for the deep sea fisheries in which large vessels are employed. The latter Province has nearly 5,000 men engaged upon the schooners and sail boats, and over 18,000 men in boats. Over six hundred schooners and sailing craft, and sixteen thousand boats are employed in the sea fisheries out of Nova Scotia.

New Brunswick has 1,459 men employed in 378 schooners and sailing craft, and 5,273 men in boats, while the value of plants, boats and gear for each Province amounts to $5,014,909 for Nova Scotia, and $2,346,467 for New Brunswick.

In Ontario, the fishing upon the Great Lakes is conducted mostly by means of seines and nets from steam tugs and boats. Three thousand men are employed upon these craft, while a greater number are engaged in the gill net and line work from the shore. The value of the plant and gear used in Ontario's fisheries amounts to $1,147,-

075, while the most valuable fish caught are herring, whitefish, trout and perch.

The total value of the fish and fish products taken by Canadian fishermen during the year 1909-10 amounted to the huge figure of $29,629,169—a sum which constitutes the highest record of Canada's fisheries.

Of the various kinds of fish caught in Canadian waters, salmon leads in value —the catch in all Provinces for the year 1910 amounting to $8,204,524. Cod, the premier fish of the Grand Banker, comes second with a valuation of $3,912,806. Lobsters,which are caught in baited traps on the rocky bottoms around the Atlantic Coast, rank next with a value of $3,657,146. Herring and halibut are valued at $2,754,751 and $1,240,486 respectively. Whitefish, a Great Lakes product, is valued at $1,000,126, while mackerel values $948,071.

Of late years, the handy gasoline motor is speedily displacing sail in the smaller fishing craft, and even in the big off-shore schooners auxiliary gasoline motors are being installed. Though conservative, the fishermen realize the advantages of the auxiliary motor in calms, and in working into harbor, and all modern schooners are being equipped.

For all the romance in connection with the farmers of the sea, one must look to the "Banker". He is the one who is regarded by the popular mind as the fisherman. Pursuing his calling upon the face of the open waters, he has to contend with all the fickle moods of the elements, and pits every ounce of brain and muscle against the spite of wind, seas, rain and cold. Besides being a fisherman, he has to be a sailor —able to "hand, reef and steer." The palmy days of Canada's "Bluenose" clippers and packet ships are past, but the type of men who manned them, live to-day in the crews of the fishing fleets, and they ably uphold the reputation for seamanship, courage and almost reckless daring, which characterized the "windjammers" of old.

GIPSY SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

GIPSY, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Puck is at the door,
Puck is whistling through the wood—
Must I call once more?

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Keen across the night
Hylas flutes among the pools
And the road's moon-white.

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
Must I whistle still,
Waiting at your silent door
On the ferny hill?

Moonlit road and breaking sea,
Wet wind from the south!
Gipsy, all your lover lacks
Is your scarlet mouth!

The Descent of Glaphyra Quat

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Peter Newell

MISS GLAPHYRA QUAT is one of the proudest aristocrats in Betzville, and for a long time it was a matter of sorrow with her that she was the last of the Quats. For years she tried strenuously to accomplish a matrimonial alliance with anyone, so that the Quat line might not become extinct, but no one seemed to want Glaphyra; she was too long and thin, and ran too much to jaw bone and shanks, and by the time she was fifty she was pretty well resigned, and felt that when she died the last Quat would perish off the face of the earth. She would sit in her rocking chair and sigh, and knit the kind of stockings the Quats had always worn—first a stripe of red and then a stripe of green, and then another stripe of red—and think how bad it was for the world that the Quats were about to leave it forever.

But last June a ray of hope came into her life. She read in the paper that Mr. Darwin decided that mankind is descended from the monkeys, and as soon as she read it she arose in her stately manner and smiled at the portrait of Ebenezer Quat. If what Mr. Darwin said was true she was no longer without relatives, for if the Quat line was traced back to the monkey ancestor and then traced down on the monkey side there must be a lot of monkeys in the world that were distant cousins of the Quats. This thought warmed Glaphyra's heart, and the next time a circus came to Betzville she stood before the monkey cage looking at the ring-tailed jumper and the blue-faced baboon with tears of family pride in her eyes.

When the circus left town Glaphyra felt a void in her soul and her life seemed doubly empty, and she longed to have a Quat come and live with her. Luckily an Italian count with a wheezy handorgan happened along about then, leading a thin and fleabit Quat at the end of a chain. When the Count played on the organ the Quat would hustle around and gather up pennies, and gathering pennies had always been a habit with the Quats, so Glaphyra knew this must be a cousin of hers, on the monkey side. So she hunted up one of her red and green stockings and dug into it and bought the cousin. The first thing she did when she had tied the Quat to the leg of the bed was to sit down and knit it a pair of red and green stockings, for they were one of the immutable Quat customs, and Glaphyra was proud to perpetuate the manners of her ancestors. Everything Glaphyra did was based on something one of

her ancestors had done, and as far back as she could trace them they had been sedate and severe, and as stiff as ramrods, and as puritanical as pie.

So Glaphyra set about turning Bedilla—as she called the long-tailed Quat—into a real Quat. It was a hard job. Bedilla seemed to have more effervescence of spirit than ran in the human branch of the Quats. No Quat had ever jumped gracefully from the second story window into an oak tree and then run up the tree to hang from the topmost limb. No Quat had ever shinned up the bed post and stood on her head on the top of the post. And, so far as Glaphyra knew, no Quat had ever swung by her tail from a chandelier; no Quat would have considered that ladylike. Glaphyra tried her best to make Bedilla like the oldest Quat of whom there was any record—Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Susan Ann Quat of Nantucket, but she couldn't seem to do it. Bedilla was always doing things that showed her red and green stockings clear up to the garters. It looked like a hopeless task, and Glaphyra began to doubt that Bedilla was really a Quat, for every Quat had always tried to be a replica of Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Quat. She was quite discouraged.

But one day, when she was more discouraged than ever she happened to think that Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Quat was only back some eight or ten generations, while Bedilla was acting as the monkeys had acted for the last eight or ten thousand years, and that Bedilla was probably acting just as the original Quat Monkey, from whom all the Quats and all the monkeys had descended, had acted. She saw, right then, that Bedilla had the best of her, and was copying the oldest Quat of all, and that the monkey Quats had certainly retained the genuine original Quat characteristics. At first this was a shock to Glaphyra, and pained her, but she immediately began to rectify her mistake, and to adopt the habits of the original Quat, as she was in duty bound to do. Ancestral pride made it a duty.

It was pretty hard work for Glaphyra to shin up the bedpost and stand on her head on the top of it. It was, as one might say, unaccustomed exercise for Glaphyra. But she went at it with a hearty will and did the best she could. She never quite attained the ability to stand on her head on top of the bedpost, for she was too long to do that without letting her feet stick up through the ceiling into the attic, but in a few months she managed to climb to the top of the bedpost and jabber. Then she would get down on the floor and stand on her head in the corner. Thus she did it in two sections, like a magazine story that is begun in the front of the magazine and concluded on page ninety-six. It was disjointed, but all there.

The next month she began to master the art of tree-climbing, and she did pretty good work at it, but she saw what a mistake the first Quat that had discarded the tail had made. Often when she fell with a rattling noise to the earth from a high bough, she regretted the tail, but she did the best she could without it, poor thing! She got so she could jump gracefully from the second story window into the oak tree and hang from the topmost limb by her knees, and the best society of Betzville frequently gathered in her yard to see her do it. Several of our most distinguished citizens remarked that Glaphyra was really making a perfect monkey of herself.

But last Wednesday afternoon the end came. Glaphyra was practicing jumping from the top of the piano to the chandelier, when Bedilla deliberately sat down on the floor and removed her red and green stockings and chewed them to rags. Then she removed her black calico dress and chewed that to rags. And so on, as we might say. And when Bedilla had chewed everything, and had no clothes left, she dashed gaily from the house and climbed the telephone pole in front of the gate. For just one moment Glaphyra hesitated, and she had pulled off one red and green stocking, but when she glanced out of the front window and saw the best citizens of Betzville gathering around the telephone pole she pulled the stocking

AFTER A FEW MONTHS' PRACTICE, GLAPHYRA MANAGED TO [illegible]
TOP OF THE BEDPOST AND JABBER

on again and decided that Darwin was an old fraud, anyway, and that Bedilla was only an ignorant foreigner. When the crowd had waited half an hour they sent Uncle Ashdod Clute in to see what had happened to Glaphyra, and he found her in the kitchen making a green apple pie according to the recipe of Mrs. Waiting-for-the-Coming Susan Ann Quat.

THE CHRISTMAS READING

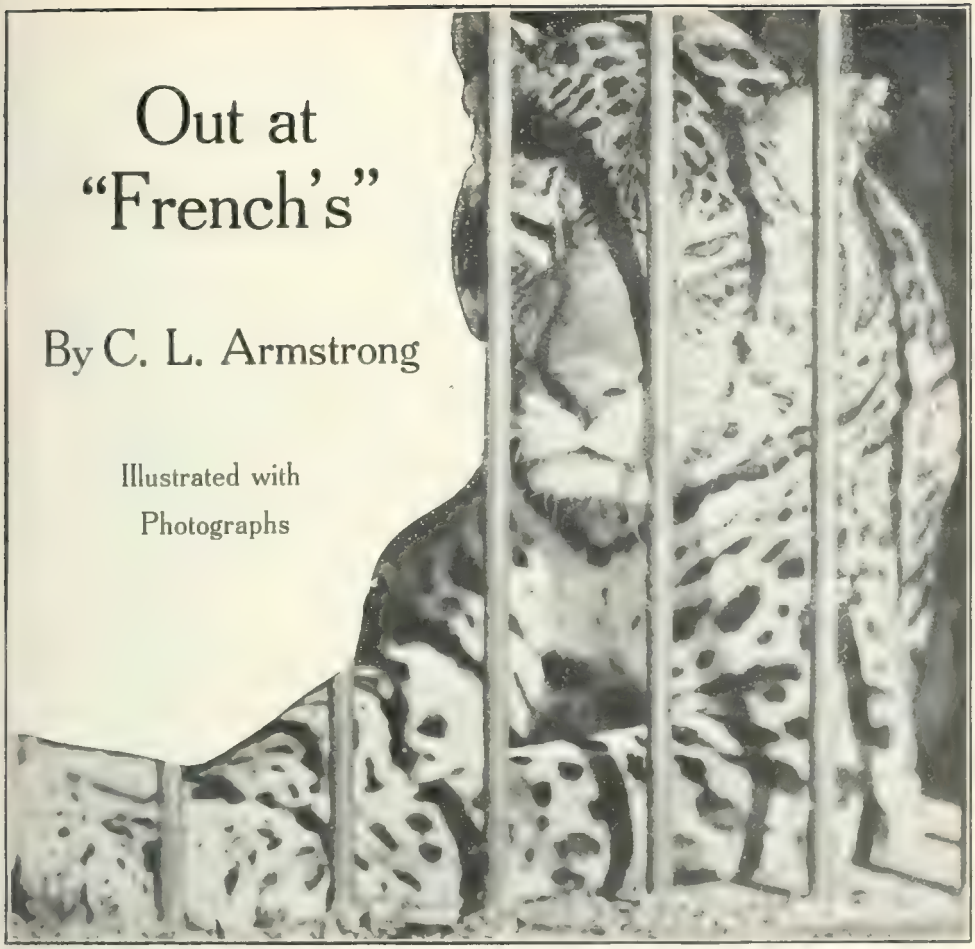
BY THOMAS A. DALY

THE herald winds of Christmas sleep
High-cradled on the wooded steep.
The far stars only are a-thrill
With life; the night is cold and still.
Come! gather 'round the ingle-nook
And from its shelf take down the book
Wherein the masters' genius drew
Those pictures old, but ever new,
Whose "Christmas Carol's" deathless chime
Beats down the envious touch of time.
Here let the children sit, and there
Beneath the lamp's light place thy chair.
Take, thou, the book, O! golden voice,
And read the pages of thy choice.
Tell us of Scrooge and Marley's ghost,
Of all our favorites old; but most
Tell us with tenderness of him
We laugh and weep with—Tiny Tim.
Call thou the soul to every face
About thee in this holy place.
We shall not be ashamed at all
For frank, sweet tears you cause to fall;
But fervently, with eyelids dim
And hearts attuned to Tiny Tim,
We'll quote his words when you have done
And say, "God bless us, every one."

Out at "French's"

By C. L. Armstrong

Illustrated with Photographs



To dance with death in a high balloon
Is sure a ticklish notion,
And to skip your wife on the honeymoon
May cause a dire commotion.
But, be you young, or old and sage,
And be you poor or wealthy—
To stub your toe in a puma's cage,
My son, it sure ain't healthy.
—Song of the Circus.

AND Captain Richard Ricardo, with twenty-five adventurous years of wild animal training behind him, wasn't taking any risk on that score, whatever else he may have overlooked.

"It's queer," he was telling us confidentially five minutes after we arrived, "but you take a greenhorn with [illegible] and nine times out of ten he'll throw a fit with fear when there ain't [illegible] danger at all and pass through a session of real danger with a smile on his face until somebody wises him up after it's all over."

As it turned out we personally were to provide proof of this circus lore before our visit was over.

We had reached the training quarters at "French's," as all Victorians know it, at an auspicious time. "Go right on out that road," the native we met at the end of the tram line had told us, "and when you get near it you'll smell it." Sure enough we did. The air was laden with that indefinable odor that betokens wild animals. The Captain was struggling with one of many difficulties [illegible] pulled up in front of the training cage. [illegible]

and straight-arm jolts were wondrous to behold. The former were addressed to the world at large, but the latter were intended for Greene, the Captain's assistant, who was blocking and returning leads right manfully with a long furnace poker. The Captain was posted where the runway from the animal cages entered the barred arena with its canopy of netting, calling loudly on Minnie to make her debut and make it quick; and Dick and Tom and Babe were crouching on the gilded stools behind him, looking for a fair chance to rip him from shoulder to heel. As pumas they were magnificent specimens.

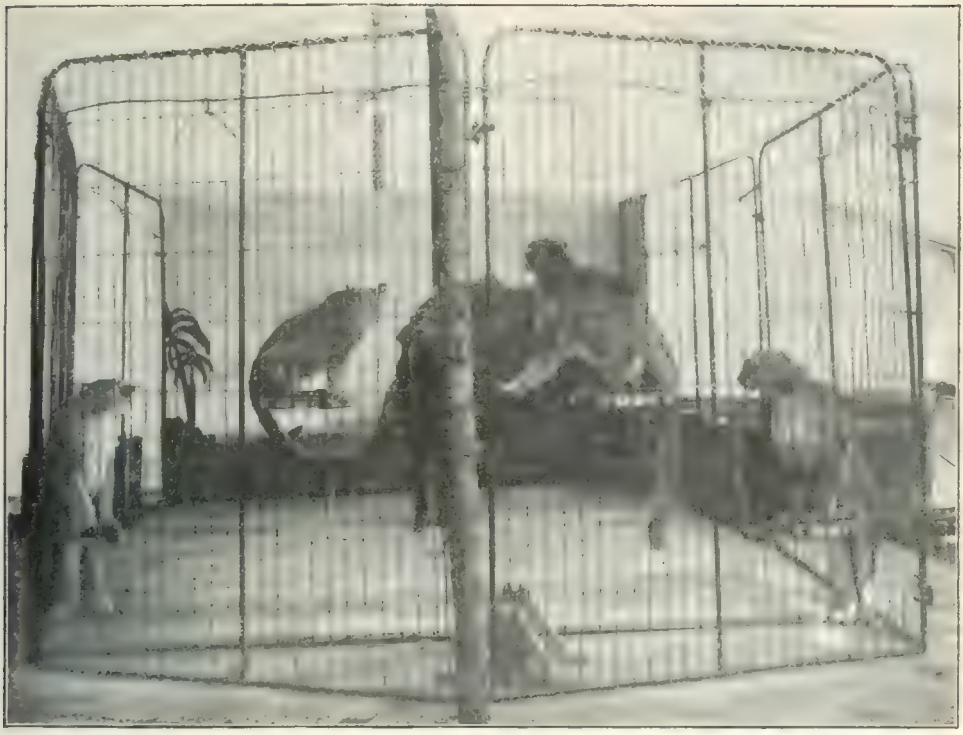
"That," said the Camera Man, getting his tripod in place with an eye to the main chance, "is the first time I ever saw a man get peevish because a full-grown panther with a disposition like a sick baby wouldn't come out and mix it with him."

The greatest collection of wild animals in the whole Dominion of Canada was alive to the glory of the morning. Wallace—the much-travelled, original, untamable Wallace—gathered himself together in the sunny corner of his cage and emitted a roar that rattled the bars and caused the hybrid zebra in the farther tent to shiver like the proverbial aspen leaf. Over the way the tree leopard—probably the only one in captivity—opened his wicked jaws and screamed sharply. The wolves took up the cry and the great striped Bengalis in the enclosure beyond added their notes to the chorus until the entire winter quarters echoed with the springtime panegyric.

James G. French, brother of a famous British General, is a lover of animals with income enough to be able to ride his hobby as hard as he likes. For many years he has been quietly adding to his collection of natural history, until his farm near Victoria has become fairly alive with wild beasts, and the neighbors — unappreciative mortals— have begun to kick about the noise and the smell. From the standpoint of the neighbors, it makes no difference that some of the finest specimens of their respective families in the world contribute to the smell and the noise. But to French it does. He is a lover of quality in animals. A superb specimen always cinches his interest and, if the animal is for sale at all, French is not content until he has him stowed away on his Vancouver Island farm. A glance at the magnificent tigers, at the tree leopard, at the splendid pair of African black-maned lions, Sharkey and Sultana, at old Wallace himself—murderer of more than one keeper—or at Fairview Adonis, the beautiful Welsh pony stallion, would prove that. His menagerie, at its present stage of development, ranks among the best privately owned collections in America. And his taste runs from fierce tigers to Angora kittens; from camels to thoroughbred dogs; from Thibetan sheep to blue ribbon poultry.

Being an expert, French has had singular good fortune with his animals. Once, in truth, a big lion did escape, and when the report spread neighboring ranchers evinced a peculiar preference for their own firesides at the close of day. The fugitive lion was captured, however, without accident. Perhaps this incident helped to prejudice Victoria against wild animals, but whatever the cause, it is a fact that French has tendered more than one liberal offer to show his animals at a Victoria summer park, but always without success. He is always booked ahead for summer shows at 'Frisco Chutes and other southern resorts however.

The centre of attraction for the attendants and loungers on the snappy March morning when the Camera Man and I picked our way through empty animal cages into the big top, was the far end of the tent. There, in a big, steel-barred cage with a net of heavy cord forming the top, stood Captain Ricardo, very much at home, a pipe in his mouth, a short walking stick in his hand and the butt of a heavy revolver protruding from his hip pocket. He was in undress attire, as he apologetically pointed out; he lacked the gay colors of official dress, the tinsel and tassels; he was in shirt-sleeves and corduroy trousers, but he was careful to wear rubber-soled shoes. Minnie was at last driven into the arena and the gate was closed with the assistance of



CAPTAIN RICARDO BREAKING IN HIS FOUR NEW PUMAS. IN THE LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER IS MINNIE, THE QUEEN PUMA, REFUSING TO SPRING. A MOMENT AFTER THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN SHE LEAPED TO THE TOP OF THE CAGE AND MADE A DASH FOR LIBERTY

Mrs. Ricardo, the Captain's game little wife. And now, to our everlasting surprise, the Captain was conversing pleasantly through the bars, with his back to the row of vicious pumas.

"Look out for Minnie!"

Mrs. Ricardo, whose eyes, we discovered never left the animals spoke in a dispassionate tone. The Captain turned quickly and fixed Minnie crouched ready to spring, with his eyes The big puma sank back on her stool again with a growl.

"Aren't you taking a chance, turning your back on them that way?"

"Oh, yes, some chance. A fellow's always taking chances in this game."

"But how do you work it? How is it you can go into that cage with those wild animals and not be torn to pieces?"

The Captain smiled appreciatively "It's dead easy," he confessed in a confidential way. "All you have to do is to keep them buffaloed. You have to just bully them all the time and make them think that if they dared raise a paw to you what would happen to them would be awful. Of course you have to believe that dope yourself too. If you lose your nerve in the cage, it's all off. If they get wise to it before you hop out they'll sure do you harm. You have to keep your wits about you and you have to keep on your feet. If you fell among a bunch of animals, the chances are they'd all be on top of you before you could get up.'

"Then what would happen?"

The Captain pointed to a grill-work of white and blue scars on his neck and shoulder. "Worse than that," he said, "unless your helpers could prod them off with forks and fish you out. The main thing, though, is to keep your [illegible]

"But don't animal trainers have off days, too, when their nerve isn't as good as at other time

Sure they do, and when that happens, a wise animal man cuts the act short and gets out of the cage as fast as he can.

TWO REPORTS FROM THE CAPTAIN'S RIFLE CRACKED OUT AND WITH A TERRIFIC ROAR OF RAGE SHARKEY LEAPED TO THE END OF THE CAGE AND CROUCHED BESIDE HIS MATE

"What is the most dangerous animal to work with?"

The Captain paused only a second [illegible] seemed certain he [illegible] "lions" or "tigers." Black [illegible] he said [illegible] rst easily.

[illegible] sudden crash of thunder ri[illegible] ls made the Camera Man an[illegible] broad jump. When [illegible] igh to look around there [illegible] Sharkey, an African lion,

getting ready for another roar, while his wife, Sultana, eyed us spitefully. "That's the pair I work," little Mrs. Ricardo explained. "Poor old Sharkey," she cooed as to a baby, moving right up to the bars of the cage and looking straight into Sharkey's capacious cave of a mouth, "he thinks there's going to be work for him, poor old boy, and he doesn't like it." Then, turning to us, "They're dandy lions, that pair. Not a speck of harm in them. Of course I wouldn't go in with this skirt on. They might catch hold of it in play and pull me down. But they mean all right." A bellow from Sharkey shook the earth under us.

The Camera Man and I, being polite to ladies always, calmly acquiesced.

"Well," exclaimed the Captain, from the puma's cage, "it's time we were getting to work. I'm just breaking this bunch in for Mr. French. Come, you Minnie, come Dick, Babe! Babe! Up on that stool!" He rapped with his cane andj abbed at the snarling pumas. For new animals those pumas were remarkable. Two of them worked a teeter-totter, without the aid of a third animal to balance the board. They jumped from stool to stool with that delightful grace characteristic of their kind. Then small stands were attached to the bars at varying heights, and one after another the big animals sprang from stand to stand. All had jumped but Minnie when the stands were placed very far apart, and the magnificent queen puma was commanded to spring. She refused. Crouching, she snarled and spat and snapped. The Captain followed her,

step by step, forcing her to the jump. Suddenly the lithe beast left the ground like a shot from a mortar. She caught the bars high up, and while we were blissfully admiring her clean cut work, there came a concerted shout from the assistants, and Captain Ricardo, alarmed for the first time, sprang and swung with his cane just as Minnie reached the top of the cage. She came down in a ferocious heap and was turned from a vicious spring at the trainer only by a blank shot in the face.

When it was all over, the Camera Man and I ventured to ask what the row had been about.

"Just as I told you," explained the Captain, triumphantly, "you didn't know you were in danger. Two seconds more and she would have been through that net and down on your heads!"

Frankly, we heaved a sigh of relief when the pumas were retired in favor of Nigger and Teddy, two mischievous cub bears who walked a globe for carrots and sugar.

To top off the performance, the Captain entered the cage of Sharkey and Sultana. "Now you just watch how old Sharkey acts up," exclaimed little Mrs. Ricardo, proudly. "He's a dear; he always makes such a fuss, bless his old heart, just as if he was awfully fierce, you know."

And sure enough, Sharkey, the playful little thing, did! He opened his cave and gave a correct imitation of the surf in a heavy gale. Next he made a rush at the Captain, who sidestepped gracefully and flicked at the old king with his cane. This placed the Captain between the male lion and his mate and we looked for interesting developments. Sharkey let go another house wrecker and Sultana, like Echo, answered. The Captain coolly pressed himself against the side of the cage and motioned the big lion back. Sharkey stood pat. Then the Captain drew his gun and stepped forward.

"Now, don't you point that thing this way," shouted Mrs. Ricardo. "Last week you nearly blinded me with the wadding." Two reports cracked out almost together, the fire spat into Sharkey's eyes, and with a terrific roar of rage, he leaped clear from one end of the cage to the other and crouched beside his mate. "Click!" went the Camera Man's shutter.

"Lions," the Captain assured us as he mopped the sweat of honest toil from his brow and strolled with us toward the gate, "are easy. You know what they're thinking about. But black panthers!—well, you can put it down that they're the worst and then come leopards and African hyenas."

"How about polar bears, Dick?" put in Mrs. Ricardo.

"Aw, shucks, that was a slip," retorted her legal protector, holding up the stump of a mangled thumb for us to see.

"That's what one of them gave him in St. Louis," Mrs. Ricardo explained. Then she added, with a becoming blush: "But that was before we were married."

JACK FROST

BY BERN W. A. McDOUGALL

UPON my window do I find,
Queer sketches of an artist mind
Of ferns and castles, flowers and trees,
That seem to wave in every breeze.
This fairy artist I would know
Who sketches thus and leaves them so·
Still leaves no trace of name or kin—
O, that I could discover him!

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Auchy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London, and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6", in his monoplane. At the coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, the Chevalier d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"He was my pride, the apple of my eye," Magniff moaned. "I made him a generous allowance, even after he had disappointed my hopes of some day seeing him succeed to my interests. But he was wayward from birth. He could not run straight. He is a forger, a thief, a trickster. He has been the despair of my life, the curse of my old age. And now he plans to blackmail his own father!"

His outburst was so sincere, so genuine, that my anger evaporated; I could only feel conscious of a wave of vast pity for the old man, so miserable, in spite of all his wealth.

"Monsieur," I said, presently, "you doubtless are acquainted with the circumstances that drove my father into exile."

He nodded. "I have been your grandfather's banker for forty years," he answered. "It was unjust; the whim of an ancient aristocrat who placed his own pride before his son's happiness. He drove him from his house because they differed in politics. Ciel! What a cause! What a cause for disinheriting one's son! He could never have done so under the law, Mademoiselle, but unfortunately some of the old estates are still controlled by the old feudal customs of the Bourbons—notably in your part of France."

"Then you will understand," I pursued, "that I do not harbor any goodwill against my grandfather or his grandson."

He looked up at me hopefully, as though he found cause for rejoicing that anyone should share his hatred.

"You would gladly see them dispossessed—disinherited, as they disinherited your father?" he asked, eagerly.

I nodded. Something within me seemed to rise in protest on behalf of them. I saw the proud old aristocrat in the Abbey, I thought of his four and eighty years, destined to end so miserably; then I remembered my father's wrongs and steeled my heart.

"Your revenge shall not be long in tarrying," cried the old man, bringing down his fist upon the table. "For years I have woven my net around them. I was slow, Mademoiselle, but very sure. I have them now. In two weeks—unless they meet the interest on the mortgage—they lose Clichy. And they cannot meet it, the dogs! Twelve thousand francs of interest!—and their castle stripped as bare as a hound's tooth. They live like rats in the ruins of their magnificence. And, even if they meet this interest it will be their last. No, Mademoiselle, have no fear. Their day is done."

"But, Monsieur," I said, recalling him to the purpose of my visit, "when can I get my bonds?"

He started and looked keenly at me.

"Mademoiselle," he said impulsively, "either you are indeed the owner or you are the cleverest impostor in Paris. You are ready to make an affidavit?"

"Assuredly," I answered.

"There will be much—what you call 'red tape'. It will be necessary to manufacture a new key. Then an official of the Government must be present when you recover your bonds from the interior of the safe. Return three weeks from to-day, and the safe shall unlock for you.

"Mademoiselle," he continued, "do you know why I am willing to gamble upon your honesty thus? It is not sentiment—it is pure business. It is because, in the working out of my plans, the possession of these bonds is essential to me. And so I will risk the loss of what I offer you for them—50,000 francs."

"Ten thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. (I think I mentioned that I specialized in arithmetic.)

"And," he resumed, "you will here and now execute an agreement to sell me the bonds for that amount. Otherwise—why, Mademoiselle, I fear that you will never be able to establish your identity."

"But it is a prodigious sum!" I cried, foolishly.

"They are worth that to me," answered the old banker, quietly. "Are you ready to sign, Mademoiselle?"

He brought in a couple of secretaries and dictated the draft of the agreement. In consideration of the transfer of the bonds I was to receive the sum of 49,274 francs, payable three weeks from that day.

"The deficit is to cover the unpaid rental of the safety deposit box," he explained, suavely.

I appended my name to the document and walked out of the office like one in a dream. With economy, my money would last easily for three weeks. And with fifty thousand francs—why, I should never need to worry about my landlady's bill any more.

My happy thoughts were speedily to be dispelled.

"There is a gentleman waiting to see you, Mademoiselle," said the landlady of my pension as I entered. "He has waited two hours in the reception room. Mademoiselle is Canadian—she would doubtless wish to meet him without a chaperon," she simpered.

Somehow my heart failed me as I turned the handle of the door. I was convinced that it was the scoundrelly Greek Zeuxis, who had followed me home.

But it was not—it was Leopold Magniff, the banker's son!

He bowed low and his countenance assumed a sneering deference as I ignored his outstretched hand and stood facing him in silence. I did not deign to offer the least greeting.

"Miss Ives, you've been to see my father," he volunteered. "It's no use to deny it; my agents have been on your trail since you posed as the wife of the Chevalier d'Yves at the coronation."

"I have no intention of denying anything—to you," I said, contemptuously. "But if you dare insult me with your falsehoods again, you shall be thrown from this hotel."

"At least Mademoiselle will acknowledge that she wore a wedding ring during the ceremony," he pleaded, suavely.

"It was lent to me," I cried, and then bit my lip angrily at the admission.

"Mademoiselle, you are charming," said the scoundrel, regarding me with frank admiration. "Now, don't be angry. I have come here as a friend.

And to prove it, allow me to restore you t[illegible]

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the purse which I had lost in so humiliating a manner inside Westminster Abbey. He handed it to me, and, taking it gingerly, I opened it. There, within, lay my hand mirror, my powder puff, and my five hundred dollar bills. But the key—the key was gone.

"I gather from your expression, Mademoiselle, that you realize that you are in my power," he said.

"If you mean that you have stolen my key——" I began.

"Your key?" he repeated, in feigned astonishment. "I know nothing of any key of yours, Mademoiselle, except that this purse was discovered at the entrance to the Abbey doors by a servant of mine."

"By your spy, Zeuxis," I interrupted, bitterly. "I thank you for your honesty in restoring my money, at least. Good-afternoon, Monsieur."

"But, Mademoiselle," he cried, in real alarm, "I thought, now that I have convinced you of my power, that you would be willing to join forces with me. Otherwise, you will be ruined. Assuredly you will be ruined. My coup has succeeded beyond my expectations—the one I told you that I had in prospect. And I will marry you tomorrow—to-night, if you insist on it. You will be made for life. And I shall worship you. I am sure that we were made for each other. Ah, Mademoiselle, do you suppose that you will have such a chance again? Are you thinking of that beggarly Chevalier? Why, he is a pauper, wiped out—besides, he is a libertine, a rake. They say——"

Something in my expression must have alarmed him, for he suddenly ceased speaking, took his hat, and sidled toward the door.

"Remember, Mademoiselle," he said, grinning nastily, "I am ready at any time to renew my proposition to you. But unless you accept you will be ruined—positively ruined, believe me."

The sight of his grinning face horrified me; the memory clung to me for weeks afterward.

When I regained my self-possession I sent a hasty telegram to the banker. It ran as follows:

"Your son and confederate have key to my safe. Seal it and place a guard over it instantly."

This communication elicited no response. But I felt sure that it would effect its purpose—unless the bonds had been already stolen.

I awaited the termination of the three weeks with ill-concealed impatience.

CHAPTER V.

NEW FRIENDS FOR OLD ENEMIES.

In which I learn that my relations are not so black as I painted them.

HERE WAS I, alone in Paris, under the surveillance, as I was positive, both of Leopold Magniff, Jr., and his rascally sycophant Zeuxis, with three weeks to wait before the opening of the safe in which my precious bonds lay hidden. And in three weeks my enemies could work incredible harm.

Magniff had threatened me with ruin unless I accepted his advances. But how could he fulfil his threat? Only in one way, clearly; by utilizing the key which he had stolen from my purse to open my safe and to abstract the bonds. Would he dare? Had the safe already been rifled? But even so I should at least be no worse off than when I had arrived in Paris. As the days wore away, and the memory of the man grew fainter I came to despise and disregard his powers for mischief.

It did seem unnecessary that I should have to wait three weeks while Magniff, Senior, was fashioning a new key for my safe. But I inferred that he was in reality utilizing this period to make inquiries in Canada concerning me; consequently I became more tranquil in mind. I sent my friend Estelle Christie the ten pounds which she had lent me and settled down to live frugally at the Pension Anglaise with my remaining $450. At the worst I should have enough with which to return to Winnipeg.

A little more than a week of my probationary period had elapsed, when one morning our landlady announced

that two gentlemen were awaiting me in the reception room. Instantly I thought of Magniff and the Greek.

"Tell them that I will not see them," I answered.

The landlady appeared shocked.

"But, Mees Ives, they are of the quality, assuredly," she protested. "An old gentleman and a young one. And the latter—what build, what figure! I thought to have the pleasure to congratulate Mademoiselle," she continued teasingly.

The Comte and the Chevalier! It could not be! And yet, whom else did I know? But, if it were they, how could they have discovered my abode?

"They sent up no cards?" I asked my hostess.

"No, Mademoiselle. But see, only see them and certainly you will not refuse them an interview. 'Ver' important business'—those were their words."

"Tell them I will be down in a few moments," I answered, and began to arrange my hair for the interview. In the midst of brushing it I halted angrily. My heart was pounding in my throat in the most discomforting way. Why, I asked myself sternly, why did I go to this trouble about my personal appearance for the sake of such mortal enemies? And why was I so agitated? I could not solve the problem, and twisting up my hair hastily, I descended the stairs, trying to regain control over my nerves.

It was as I had surmised. The Comte and the Chevalier were waiting for me in the reception room, both faultlessly attired in morning clothes. They rose, each with a low bow, upon my entrance. Both looked extremely grave, and neither evinced the slightest sign of having previously known me. I motioned each to a chair, but they remained standing.

Now, though I had determined to greet them with the barest courtesy, the turning of the tables upon myself angered me almost to tears of rage. It is a woman's privilege to control the temperature of an acquaintanceship; and this immaculate young man, playing whatever part he might be, whether of aviator, diplomat, or anything else, seemed always to have the advantage over me in the manœuvring.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" I asked in my most disdainful voice. They did not know how wildly my heart beat.

"First, Mademoiselle, let me say, in case you suspect us of espionage, that we obtained your address through your friend, Mrs. Christie," said the Chevalier.

I nodded coldly. "I am not in the habit of accusing persons of espionage," I answered.

"Then the old saying is false," he answered. "Evidently, in this case like does not turn to like."

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded indignantly.

"I mean," said the Chevalier, doggedly, "how much do you want for those papers?"

I looked from one to the other, inquiringly. The old Comte now came forward and motioned to his grandson to withdraw.

"You are too impetuous a diplomat, my dear Charles," he said, suavely. "Now, Miss Ives," he continued, "let us come to the point as persons of affairs. How much money do you demand to restore to us those papers which you pilfered from my grandson's coat pocket while he was entertaining you as his guest within the Abbey?"

I gasped for words.

"How dare you insult me!" I stammered—and the observation seems trite enough now, when I recall it. Perhaps it was my intonation, my expression of outraged innocence, that disillusioned him. At any rate he seemed perceptibly embarrassed, and as he hesitated, I recovered my composure.

"Will you have the goodness to explain yourselves in full, gentlemen?" I said, with withering scorn.

"With pleasure, Mademoiselle," answered the Comte. "The facts are simple. As you should know, my grandson here accompanied me to England recently, ostensibly as a member of the French military mission in the Coronation: actually to negoti-

ate an important treaty between England and France, in which three foreign powers are vitally interested.

"We were warned that emissaries of these powers were prepared to go to all lengths to obtain a draft of the treaty. To render it absolutely secure, my grandson kept only a few rough jottings of the French Government's proposals upon a piece of paper in his coat pocket. He thought that none would have suspected he would carry it there. This paper was stolen from his pocket at the doors of Westminster Abbey."

"And so," I said, bitterly, "you suspect me of being the thief?"

He was silent from courtesy, but I could see that I had not shaken his conviction.

"Who else should it be, Mademoiselle?" he asked, quietly. "Remember, when we extended our impulsive hospitality to you we did not even know your name."

Here was my chance. How I had longed for it! And every word should now go home at last.

"If I am a spy and thief and traitor," I answered, "then I dishonor a noble family as well as myself. Shall I tell you from whom I am descended?"

He bowed with deference. "If Mademoiselle pleases," he answered.

"I am of French extraction," I responded. "My father's name was Jules d'Yves"—I saw him start—"and his father was, and is, the Comte d'Yves, of Clichy."

There was a dead silence in the room. Then, as the haze floated from before my eyes, I saw both men gripping their chairs, regarding me with amazement, blended, I think, with fear.

"Yes," I went on bitterly, not caring what I said, "my father was driven from his home, disowned, and left to starve in a foreign land by those who should have been proud to acknowledge him. I am his daughter, and I am proud to be. And I am neither thief nor spy. Good morning, gentlemen."

Just as I had reached the door the Comte found voice.

"Come back!" he pleaded, in such an altered, abject tone that my anger died away and pity succeeded it. A sudden vision came to me of the lonely old man, perhaps torn with secret remorse for his unfatherly crime, perhaps longing for those approaches which my father had been too proud to make to him.

"You are Anne d'Yves?" muttered the old man, approaching me with outstretched arms. Suddenly he took my face between his hands and gazed into my eyes with such benignance that I felt my own grow wet. "Charles, come here," he said. "She has the eyes of my son Jules. It is true. See—why, do not weep, child!"

His arms were round me now, and I —just at the moment of my completest triumph—I was crying. And it was upon his shoulder, too. He sustained me like a lover. O, my dear grandfather, I recall now with what a practiced hand you wiped away my tears, How many women's tears have you wiped away when you were young—young, like the Chevalier!

What I have always wondered at is that neither of the two for the least moment distrusted me.

"My dear grandchild," said the old Comte, when I grew calm, "the memory of my treatment of your father embittered my whole life. Often I sought to find him, but he was too proud to be reconciled. Now it is too late. But I shall lavish on you the tenderness that I have lavished on him so often in imagination.

Then, at his request, I told him the entire story of my visit to Europe, not omitting mention of Leopold Magniff and Zeuxis. I ended with a brief account of my interview with the old banker.

"Describe this Greek, this Zeuxis," he said, when I added that I thought I had seen his face in the crowd at the Coronation. "Has he a scar running diagonally across his cheek, from mouth to eyebrow?"

"He has!" I cried. "You know the man?"

"I do," answered my grandfather, and the Chevalier nodded his assent. "You have described a well-known spy in the service of the Italian Govern-

ment. Beyond all doubt, Charles, it was he who stole the papers from your coat pocket. He is a sleight-of-hand expert, and was once a pickpocket, I believe, though now he flies at higher game."

A sudden revelation came to me.

"Then this must be the coup of which Leopold Magniff boasted to me," I cried. "Undoubtedly the scheme had been already hatched on the boat when he let it out to me in a drunken moment."

They both assented.

"You are right, my dear child," said the Comte. "But now, the point is, how can we recover the draft of the treaty? It may have been already sold to the Triple Alliance; on the other hand, it is in so fragmentary a condition and reveals so little that the conspirators may be holding it back with a view to obtaining a higher price from France.

"If they have already obtained possession of my bonds," I hazarded, "they may hold them as the price of immunity."

"They cannot dispose of them," said my grandfather. "At best, they can but conceal them and prevent you from obtaining them."

Then I told them of my agreement with the banker, omitting nothing, not even the motive that had inspired me.

"And so you wished to help him in his designs against Clichy, little Anne," said the old Comte mournfully, when I had concluded. "God help us all; the old estate must pass to this arch-conspirator. It is now nearly a year since he unveiled his motives to me. I, he says, snubbed him in his younger days, when he purchased the estate next mine. Well, perhaps so, and thus I am rightly punished. Times change greatly, and the old order passes. But it will be hard on your mother, Charles."

"He told me that he will have your property within two weeks," I said.

"Unless twelve thousand francs of interest appear mysteriously out of a clear sky, I think he will," the Comte answered. "And doubtless you understand now why he was so anxious to purchase your bonds, and why he has apparently succeeded."

"Yes," I replied. "He feared that I should place you in possession of them and so enable you to pay off the mortgage on Clichy."

The Comte shook his head mournfully.

"But that is the reason that his son Leopold gave me when we talked on the boat," I exclaimed.

"Is it possible that either of that shrewd pair believed you to be so altruistic as to be willing to present them gratis to an old man, to save his lands, Anne? No, my dear. It is because, so long as those bonds were in your possession, you could have rendered him bankrupt."

"But he has millions!" I cried incredulously.

"And your bonds are worth, potentially, billions," answered my grandfather. "Let me explain the matter to you, Anne.

"When the American Government purchased the old, worthless Panama bonds from the French company, the holders, dispersed as they were throughout the length and breadth of France, were glad to let them go for a song. Magniff & Co. acted as brokers, on the French side, and they made an enormous fortune. But, by the terms of their contract, they bound themselves to deliver *all* the bonds to America, in return for so many millions of dollars.

"They actually did deliver all except the small parcel which you hold. They searched for these and could not find them. They advertised—in vain. Nobody responded to their offer to purchase them. They concluded, not unnaturally, that they had been lost or destroyed and would never turn up.

"All this while the bonds were lying in their own safety deposit vault in your father's name. He knew nothing of the demand for them, and I, of course, did not imagine otherwise than that he had already disposed of them to Magniff. Now, my dear Anne, do you understand why your bonds are so valuable?"

"Not quite," I responded, still puzzled.

"Because Magniff & Co., in taking this chance, 'sold short,' as the stock exchange would say. They sold *all* the bonds. But they did not hold all—they did not hold yours. In consequence, they are legally compelled to deliver these bonds to the American Government the very instant when they come to light. They must deliver them, at any price. If you had chosen, you could have appraised them at a billion francs apiece, and still Magniff must have purchased them. You held him in the hollow of your hand, as he and his scoundrelly son knew well. And, Anne, you have been badly outwitted by the old banker. Well, he was fighting for his existence, I have no blame for him."

"And with that fortune I could have recovered Clichy for you," I sobbed.

"But Clichy has recovered you," answered my grandfather, placing one hand caressingly upon my shoulder. "Henceforward, Anne, your home will be with us—at least, so long as we have a home," he ended. "And now, Charles," he continued, "I have monopolized our relative enough. I shall go for a walk and leave you two young people together."

"O, please," I begged, blushing feverishly again.

But the old gentleman made his exit with a final bow and left us both looking at each other in an uncommonly sheepish way.

"I—I want to ask you something," Charles murmured presently. Then, since I did not discourage him, he continued:

"Is it, then, true, that you are unmarried in spite of the ring you wore?"

My face was so crimson now that I could only cover it with my hands. But somehow he read assent in my act, for in a moment he was at my side.

"Why did you wear it, sun-goddess?" he asked, and I felt him raise my fingers to his lips. "Was it to cast me into the depths of hopelessness and despair?"

"Why should you despair for me, Monsieur?" I asked.

"Because I love you, sun-goddess," he answered rapturously. "I loved you that first moment when you stepped so bravely into my monoplane at the aviation meet and soared with me into the empyrean. And, when I lost you, I knew that I must find you again, though I had to search all London. Then, when you were so miraculously restored to me at the Abbey doors, you brought back the zest of living to me again. And then—that fatal ring! Why did you wear it, Anne?"

"Because I knew that it would be better should you never turn your thoughts on me," I managed to whisper. "We were enemies, mortal enemies, then."

"But never more," he cried. "Anne, sun-goddess, do you love me a little—enough to become my wife?"

I did. I knew I did. I knew, too, that it had been love, not hatred, which I had always felt for him, love which, released at last from its bonds, welled up spontaneously within my heart into a broad river of joy.

"Say that you love me, Anne," he pleaded, his arms about me.

"I—I love you," I murmured, and I felt his lips on mine.

"When will you marry me, Anne?" he asked presently.

Slowly I disengaged myself. In those rapturous moments I had forgotten the mesh of circumstances that had been woven round us. Now the memory of them recurred to me.

"Some day," I answered, "when our troubles are over, Charles. When we have conquered our enemies."

With that he had to rest content. I did not feel that it would be decorous to yield too much within a single hour.

Later that afternoon the mother of Charles called in her victoria and took me to their town residence. She would be satisfied with nothing but that I should become their guest. I pleaded, however, that I must wait at the Pension until the three weeks had elapsed, that the banker might readily find me should he desire to do so, since he could hardly communicate with me at the home of his enemies. However, I compromised by consenting to pay a

few days' visit to Clichy at the end of the week.

CHAPTER VI.

MASCOT OF CASTLE CLICHY.

In which I save my grandfather's estate from the clutches of his life enemy.

I WAS at Castle Clichy, in my grandfather's home, and the home of my ancestors through innumerable generations.

Never, in my most extravagant dreams had I imagined that such a consummation of my journey would occur I had set out from Winnipeg filled with hatred toward those kinsfolk who had disowned my father and left him to die in need in a far country. And here I was, the guest of my grandfather and his widowed daughter, and engaged to my half-cousin Charles.

But for the present the engagement was to be kept secret. That I insisted upon. I was determined that I would win the hearts of his relatives also before allowing him to present me to them as his future bride. I could not but fear that the old Comte might treat him as he had treated my father.

On the third morning after my arrival I wrote to Mary Jenner, my room-mate in Winnipeg, for the first time since my departure.

"When I tell you that I am actually in my grandfather's chateau," I wrote, "you will open your eyes wide, in that taking way you have, and be glad that I am not there to say, 'I told you so'. For were you not the ringleader in the conspiracy to keep me at home till the close of the school year, when we were to make up a party to see Europe? And, Mary dear, I do hope that scheme has not fallen through. Come to France, and a royal welcome awaits you.

"Have you pursued your acquaintance with little Mr. Spratt? Poor little man! I have not yet glanced inside the covers of that monumental work of his upon the Code Napoleon, which he presented to me so proudly at the moment of my departure. Be good to him, Mary, and make a man of him. He's timid with ladies, so don't be afraid to give him encouragement.

"And now you'll want to know about Castle Clichy, Mary. It is the very quaintest place—all early Norman, with bastions and moats and battlements, set in the midst of an enormous park, and most delightfully feudal. But by the time you receive this it won't be in the possession of our family any longer. Fancy being turned out of your home after you have inhabited it for eight hundred years! But we're wretchedly poor and in the hands of an unscrupulous banker, one Magniff by name, who owns a mortgage on us, and unless we can obtain twelve thousand francs—$2,000—within a few days, to meet the interest, Clichy passes out of our hands forever.

"This Magniff is the most avaricious scoundrel imaginable, except his son, who's worse. Mary, he's agreed to pay me $10,000 for those bonds of mine you always laughed about, when the safe is opened next week. And so I thought I might just as well pay off the interest on the mortgage out of it. I wrote to him, asking him to advance me $2,400, and he curtly refused. He has a grudge against my grandfather and means to turn him out of his home. I went to Paris to plead with him, and he sent out word he would not see me. Think of it; my grandfather must lose his property when, less than a week afterward, I shall receive enough money to have saved it many times over! Well, I've done my best and there's no use crying over it now.

"Come to France, Mary, and all of you, right soon. I embrace you and salute you, as we French say.

"P. S. I'm quite French now!"

I did not convey in this letter the sense of impotence, the burning anger with which the banker's conduct had inspired me. When I had proposed to my grandfather that he let me meet the interest due out of the proceeds from my bonds, he seemed to realize the futility of the attempt.

"It's no use, my little Anne," he said. "I thank you from the depths of my heart. But you will be beating against a granite wall. Magniff means to have Clichy, and he won't advance you a

penny until the vault is opened. Then, nothing can be done."

And, as I have described in my letter to Mary, I beat in vain against the granite wall of Magniff's vindictive hatred. Now we were already setting our affairs in order, packing our few cherished mementoes, ready to leave.

There was pitifully little that we could take with us. The castle was indeed, as Magniff had so graphically portrayed it, "as bare as a hound's tooth". All the furnishings of its seven and forty rooms had long since disappeared, save those of the half dozen in the right wing where we lived, attended only by two old servants who would not be dismissed. Costly pictures, tapestries, armor, whole sets of Sevres, had gone into the maw of Magniff, being sacrificed to meet the ever-recurring indebtedness. For twenty years—ever since the failure of the original Panama Company had ruined the Comte—this process of depletion had been continued. Now our sparse furniture would barely have accommodated a family in a six-room flat.

"But they shall never take our monoplane," said the Chevalier, as we stood within the hangar and looked at the gigantic, graceful bird, which seemed to float airily upon the planking that supported it. "I would rather burn it, give it the baptism of death in that fiery element toward which we ascended together on that first day of our meeting, sun-goddess."

The memory brought tears to my eyes.

"Charles," I said, "they shall never take Clichy from you!"

"Not if your wishes were dollars, sun-goddess," he answered, gaily.

"But they shall not," I repeated, frowning. "Charles, you know I am a mascot. All my friends have told me that. Did I not bring luck to you as a passenger in the machine? And didn't I get Estelle Christie inside the Abbey to see the coronation? I say that Clichy shall never fall into Magniff's hands. Why, has it withstood seven sieges by the English and two by Burgundy, not to speak of countless gallant defences in olden times against Frenchmen themselves; in the wars of the Fronde, against the Huguenots, against Henry of Navarre and Richelieu, even, that it should succumb now to a paltry mortgage?"

"Bravo," said Charles, clapping his hands. "Your eyes flash fire, dear Anne. If they were mortars and used in our defence, I warrant Clichy should never go under."

"Mock me as you please," I answered, a little petulantly, "Clichy shall be saved, or I will never be called mascot again."

Thursday came, the last day accorded us, and the interest was as far off as ever. It was a sad gathering that morning at the breakfast table. Everything was packed, and we were to remove to the little cottage at Rambouillet owned by the Comte's daughter, where they hoped to find a precarious existence for a while on a few thousand francs that remained of her dowry.

"It will last us a year, Anne," said the old Comte grimly. "And then—well, I am not likely to see the next. And Charles can take care of his mother, somehow."

I could not restrain a sob. "But my money from Magniff!" I cried. "You must take it; I can earn my own living in future, as in the past. On that you can live decently, at least."

The Comte smiled sadly.

"We'll talk of that when the time comes, Anne," he answered. "At least we are not yet dispossessed."

"Nor shall be," I replied defiantly. "Does not the law give three days' grace to us?"

"Three days or thirty," answered the Chevalier, "it is all one to us now."

And while we still sat talking over our plans, we saw a smartly fitted dog-cart turn up the drive and there descended—Leopold Magniff, junior!

I confess that I was thoroughly unnerved at the sight of this man. I had never believed that he would dare to cross my path again. The memory of the threats which he had made on the occasion of our last interview recurred to me and afflicted me with a presentiment of overwhelming horror.

He came in jauntily, bowing to all of

us, an affectation of regretful humility hardly concealing an air of obvious triumph. The Comte and the Chevalier arose grimly and stood confronting him, like two statues of stone.

"Monsieur," said our visitor, addressing each alternately, and becoming disconcerted as neither appeared to recognize his remarks, but merely stood to receive him—"Monsieur, it is with deep regret that I come to receive the interest upon my father's mortgage or, in default, to take possession of the chateau."

Then at last the Comte spoke, and each word seemed wrenched from the fibres of his heart.

"We cannot meet the interest. The chateau is at your disposal."

"Stop!" I cried. "The law allows three days of grace, I believe."

Magniff turned toward me and bowed sneeringly.

"Quite so, Mademoiselle," he answered. "But it permits me to take possession immediately pending this period."

The old Comte touched a bell and Jean Casseroy, the ancient butler, entered. "Take this gentleman to his apartment," he said. "Obey his orders and make him comfortable. The library will be at his disposal."

Magniff, thoroughly disconcerted, stood glowering at the Comte, uncertain whether to bluster or to accept this most distant hospitality. And, then, with a most charming courteousness of which, I am sure, I should never have been capable, the Chevalier's mother arose.

"I shall see to it that your sheets are aired, Monsieur," she said, smiling as though he were the most welcome guest. "The grounds are at your disposal; pray make yourself master here."

Magniff swung on his heel and strode sullenly out of the room in the wake of the old servitor.

"You may as well leave to-morrow, Anne," said my grandfather. "Every moment spent here now is a humiliation."

I took him by the arm and patted his trembling hand. I knew that the departure from Clichy would quickly snap the thread of his still vigorous life. Though I no longer hoped for rescue I was resolved that we should hold out to the uttermost.

"Grandfather," I said, "when Richelieu invested Castle Clichy and the last ounce of powder had been fired, the last atom of provision gone, Clichy did not surrender. And, at the last instant, rescue came. Let us fight to the uttermost. Let us remain till Sunday."

A dull fire gleamed in the old Comte's sunken eyes.

"You are quite right, my dear," he answered. "What do you say, Charles?"

"She is right," answered the Chevalier. "It was a woman like you, Anne, who inspired our ancient defenders, as you inspire us to-day."

Friday came, then Saturday. But a bare four and twenty hours remained. Magniff had not ventured to leave his apartment during the period that had elapsed; but on the morning of the last day but one I encountered him in the grounds. I think he had been watching for me.

"Wait a moment, Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, as I made to hasten past him. "A moment only. Will you not believe me when I say how profoundly I regret the part I have to play? Let me assure you, I have no enmity against your grandfather."

"Then why are you here—how did you dare come here?" I asked indignantly.

"It was to see you," he answered. "Now, do not go, Mademoiselle. I knew that you had met your relatives and become reconciled and gone to reside with them. Meanwhile, my father and I had become reconciled also. And nothing would content him but that I should assume this odious role of bailiff. He wished me to keep you under surveillance."

"O, that was unnecessary," I retorted. "Nor does it seem probable, since he refused to see me when I called at his bank, nor deigned to answer the letter I wrote him. And, besides, in less than a week I am due at his office

to receive payment for my bonds. O, I am sure he is not so vitally concerned about me."

Magniff stepped up close to me and every atom of insincerity left his face.

"Miss Ives," he said bluntly, "you are living in a fool's paradise. Believe me, you are on the verge of complete ruin, and so is the Chevalier. No, do not look so disdainful, for assuredly you will come to a realization of that fact unless you accept my proposal. He will not lose Clichy alone; he will lose his liberty, perhaps his life. The loss of his estate will be as nothing in comparison with the shame that will be his, that will send down his grandfather into an unhallowed grave." He bent his face until it almost touched mine and hissed in my ear:

"He sold the treaty!"

"Impossible!" I cried wildly, starting from him.

"Improbable to the uttermost, but true," Magniff rejoined. "I told you on the occasion of our last encounter certain things derogatory to his character. You refused to hear me. Listen now! He has a reputation for wildness second to none in Paris. It was to pay his gambling debts, debts which he had concealed from his grandfather from very shame, that he sold the draft of the Anglo-French treaty to the Triple Alliance. Doubtless he has accused me."

"And I believe you did, liar and thief," I cried.

He only laughed.

"If you persist in your refusal to see things as they are, Miss Ives," he said with intense earnestness, "then I must abandon you to your fate. I only warn you that the net of evidence has been woven round him. He cannot escape it. His arrest is imminent. Only you yourself can save him. Say the word that will avail and I will see to it that the vital evidence is missing, that he remains unscathed. Marry me!"

"Never!" I cried. "I loathe you and despise you."

"I am unfortunately aware of that," he answered. "Nevertheless, you shall have the completest liberty. Until I win your love I shall never molest you. You will be free to come and to go; I only ask you to go through the form of the ceremony with me."

"You may plead forever," I answered, "but you will waste your breath. I do not believe a word of your concoction of falsehoods, and, if I did, I would not marry you."

"Not to save Clichy?"

"How——how——?" I stammered.

"Marry me and, on the day of the ceremony—as soon as the union has been pronounced—I will present your grandfather with a full and free release."

"You will induce your father to forego his revenge?" I cried. "You lack the power, Monsieur. Not for a thousand worlds would he be balked now, after these years of scheming."

"He must," answered Leopold. "I have him in my power. He knows it; that is why he made terms with me."

"How?"

"Because I hold your bonds," he answered. "You know their value now."

"They are his; I have sold them."

"Anne," said my persecutor, "we are wasting words. Can I never convince you? Listen! Give me your solemn promise to marry me and, on the morning of the ceremony I will restore Clichy to your grandfather. And the Chevalier shall go free."

"Wait—wait!" I cried desperately, trying to pierce the tangled net of cunning that surrounded me. "Give me until to-morrow to make my decision."

Suddenly he seized my hand.

"O, Anne, be wise," he cried. "I love you; I worship you; you are the one woman I have loved out of all who have come into my life. You can redeem me with your goodness. Marry me and I swear to Heaven that I will adore you, I will be your slave. I will consecrate my life to you. I love you, Anne."

And, falling at my feet, he poured forth a more impassioned plea to me. It was impossible to mistake the sincerity of his passion; I could not but recognize that in this, at least, he was not base. I turned away and left him kneeling in the path.

To be continued

"I CAN GET A HUNDRED AND FIFTY APIECE FOR THE CUBS," HE DECIDED

On the Other Side of the Mountain

By L. V. Kelly

Illustrated with Photographs

The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain
To see what he could see.

But the other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain,
The other side of the mountain
Was all that he could see.

—*Ancient Saga.*

AN old she-bear thrust her silver-tipped body out of the underbrush at the edge of the timber line and sniffed the breeze that came softly down from the snows and the mighty cliffs. Up above her, from far across a ravine, a band of mountain sheep espied her and galloped with frightened snorts to the rocky fastnesses. In the edge of the brush a timber wolf smelled the presence of a monarch and slunk cannily away to more healthy parts. Down in a low valley a couple of hundred yards distant a tawny mountain lion also scented the mountain ruler's nearness and growled as he reluctantly slipped away to more congenial fields.

With her great head swinging low, her high shoulders and her mighty body and limbs, the massive brute sauntered ahead with a leisurely movement that seemed powerful enough to shift mountains. Close behind her trotted two small cubs, exact reduced replicas of their elder, arrogant, fearless, and challenging.

Then came a man, a copper-colored man with long black hair, ragged clothing and sharp black eyes. He saw the great bear and her cubs, but he did not slink away; on the contrary, his eyes sparkled, his hands clutched his rifle more firmly and, dropping behind a rock, he lay still after assuring himself that the breeze was carrying from the bears toward himself. Then he waited with the patience of his race until the rattling of stones showed that the animals were near, whereupon he raised himself cautiously, noiselessly, and threw a small stone to fall to the left of the big bear. As the missile dropped she stopped and stood like a graven image, solid, intent, curious, a splendid side-shot. Sharp and clear against the grey of the rocks her huge-muscled neck stood out, quick and

steady was the bead the Indian drew on that vulnerable spot. If a grizzly is shot through the heart it will often live long enough to tear up two or three men; if it is shot through the body, the throat, the eye, it will often live to reap a bloody vengeance. A story is told of the finding of two dead men, Indian and white, lying near a dead grizzly. The Indian's knife was in the heart of the monster, but the bodies of the men were torn to shreds; the white man still held the broken remains of a sixteen-shot, forty-four calibre Winchester. In the bear's neck and vitals were found traces of all sixteen bullets, but he had lived to punish his slayers. The conjecture was that the white man had emptied his magazine, the bear still charged, the man clubbed his rifle and broke it on the granite-like head, then the mighty paws seized him and the Indian came to his aid, thrusting shrewdly and hard through the muscles to the heart, but not killing until he himself had died with his partner.

But despite the gigantic vitality of the monarchs of the mountains, they cannot continue the battle if the bullet rips the spinal cord. The body dies at the shock, the brain is paralyzed, the heart stops, the great animal slumps in its tracks, a heap of bones and fur, blood and flesh, cumbersome, jelly-like, but still so bulky and massive of appearance that it is approached with caution. The Indian behind the rock sighted with care and, steadying his weapon on the rock edge in front, he pulled the trigger. With the report the mother bear sagged with a grunt and huddled up on the rocks, dead as such of her forefathers as were not allowed to sail in the Ark with Noah.

The little cubs rushed to their mother's side, sniffed the blood and then stood with snarling mouths and twitching manes as the Indian came up. Fearless as bulldogs, snapping, growling, they stood side by side and presented the battle front to the enemy, but the enemy grinned as he dropped hide ropes around their necks and dragged them away to be tied to a tree while he skinned the still warm mother. Then he looked over the two youngsters while ideas, absorbed from contact with white men, flashed through his brain.

"I can get a hundred and fifty each for those," he decided; so he returned to his valley camp for help after making sure the captives could not chew themselves loose in his absence.

Two weeks later the native brought the two cubs to the government park and sold them for a round sum to the eager officials. They had no specimens of the mountain lords, they wanted them, and they paid good money. The Indian retired to the hospital in town to have his hands and legs dressed, for they had been badly torn and ripped during the time he had been foster-mother to the pair of cubs. They appreciated nothing but the fact that he was an enemy, and showed it in every move.

The park authorities ordered the new comers to be placed in the great cage between the mountain lion and the timber wolves, and this was done amid much nervous profanity from the English zoo-keeper. But still the cubs remained the scions of lords and held the snarling respect of their neighbors. Side by side they stood, high of shoulder, long of limb, with bristling manes and low-hung, stiff-necked heads from which rumbled the offended sounds of hill-kings ready for battle. They were not much more than fourteen inches high at the shoulders, but in disposition they were full-grown grizzly bears, ready at any moment to do battle, swaggering about with chips on their shoulders. The big wolves came to the separating steel screen and sniffed curiously, with inquisitive and eager whines. Instantly the pair charged and raged with scratching claws against the partition. The wolves caught the odor of the twain and retired in respectful haste, growling reluctantly, but giving way before the instinct of the wild. On the other side the mountain lion arose, stretched himself and came close; like one the cubs whirled and charged again, from their interiors coming the rumbling roar of angered grizzlies, reduced to correspond with their size. The lion smelled and growled—and shrank back. He,

too, knew by instinct that the odor presaged defeat and death to his forefathers, and would perhaps mean the same to him. The cubs then turned upon each other and wrestled and rolled and played. After all, they were just cubs, little, lonely, motherless cubs who had already forgotten their mother and who had little stomachs that were full of rich new milk and bread.

That night the clouds rolled down, black and thick, while the lightning played around the mountains and lighted the blackness for blinding seconds. Made restless by the struggle of the elements, the roar of the wind, the groaning and crashing of the forest, the cubs wandered around, one finally climbing the walls of his rocky cage and ripping the screen from the top, climbing out to liberty. Then he uttered wild cries calling his mate. The English keeper heard, came and saw the small body running up and down along the crest of the cages, following the path that had been built for spectators to look down on the animals.

"Blimy, the bloody bear's hout!" he said to himself. " 'Ere's where I go fetch the Injun," and he hastened away. They awoke the red man from his hospital bed and they came, twenty strong, to capture thirty pounds of wild grizzly bear. They found the small ruler in the den with the black and cinnamon bears. Swaggering and swaying, deep rumblings coming from his throat, the small pinch of dynamic pugnacity strolled about; while huddled in one frightened group two great black bears and a mighty cinnamon pressed against the granite corner of the cage and longed to get further away. They smelled the presence of their bullying lord, and they feared as they had never feared before. The Indian, with his bandaged hands, went in and captured the small insurgent, while the English keeper and nineteen assistants stood in an anxious group outside the cage and gave advice. Then the snapping cub was tossed back with his little mate, the wire netting on the cage was repaired, and quiet reigned, broken only now and then by the frightened complaints of the cinnamon bear and his black companions.

The Indian returned to the hospital with a few new scratches, the cubs continued to stand shoulder to shoulder and glare defiance at inquisitive tourists, the big bears in the end cage refused to eat for four days, their appetites having been spoiled by the awful fright of the scent of the grizzly. And still the wolves gave the separating bars a respectful distance, still the mountain lion paced his long cell—but gave the little cubs' side of the apartment full four feet free.

"Animals must be fools," remarked a spectator to a mountain man, as he noticed the fearful respect shown the grizzlies by the other animals. "Any one of those wolves, or the mountain lion either, could kill each cub with one bite."

"But there's the animal instinct," replied the mountaineer. "They might know damn well that the little fellows were cubs, but they know, too, that whenever cubs are smelled there is a she-bear close by. And I'd rather face a pack of hungry wolves any day than a she grizzly with a pair of cubs. She don't do anything but just kill, and keep on killing. I think them animals show considerable judgment, taking everything into account."

SHE MADE ONE OF THE PRETTIEST PICTURES POSSIBLE, MOUNTED ON A CLEVER CHESTNUT

Diana of the Foxhounds

By Catherine Adams

Illustrated by W. Molt

TRANBY LANE was one of the [illegible] places in South Loamshire [illegible] mud is a predominant feature of the country. The [illegible] emerged into a fine open [illegible] a limited meeting-place for [illegible] as Fives' Cross.

[illegible] Tranby Lane Mr. Wayne, the [illegible] South Loamshire Hunt. [illegible] Hurtlington, a former Master, [illegible] ing along slowly, deep in [illegible] the minutities of a [illegible] of the latter as regarded

The two horsemen were only a short distance from the end of the lane when whirr! whizz! and without so much as a warning toot of the horn, a small motor-car rushed by. Lord Hurtlington escaped with only a few splashes of mud, but Mr. Wayne, being on the near side, was bespattered from head to foot

"Don't apologize," said his lordship, as the M.F.H. sent a long list of names after the driver of the car. "I endorse every adjective. I am old-fashioned, but fairly tolerant, and I do not say a

word when motors are driven reasonably and drawn up at a respectable distance from the hounds, but the lady-motorist deserves a lesson. You, Wayne, should be able to read her one."

"I will!" ejaculated the M.F.H. as he wiped some mud from his left eye. "I hate motorists, they are so horribly selfish and pig-headed." He spoke in deep tones of disgust. He had an old-fashioned sportsman's dislike to any innovation, and was extremely conservative. So conservative, joked his friends, that he could not change his bachelor state. Which was a pity, added his feminine friends, for he was an excellent *parti*. He was about thirty-five, he had a well-set up athletic figure, a keen, alert face, well bronzed by exposure to all weathers, and a pair of grey eyes that usually held a humorous twinkle. Now they were scintillating angrily.

"Tell you what, Wayne, come along with me," said the old lord. "I will introduce you to that little lady in the motor. She's a sort of connection of mine, and I give you permission to read her a lecture." And he chuckled wisely to himself.

"I never like holding my temper," said Wayne, "it's bad for me. I believe in letting off a little powder and clearing the sky. By George! Look at that!"

The two men had emerged from the lane and were now in full view of the motor-car, which was being backed heedlessly among the hounds. Wayne was a fairly even-tempered man. He had been decidedly ruffled by the shower of mud with which the car had pelted him, and he was prepared to let fall a few words of protest and warning, but this terrible recklessness regarding a pack of valuable hounds raised his wrath to boiling-point. He never waited for Lord Hurtlington's introduction, but rode close to the snorting car.

"Madam!" His voice cut across the intervening space like the thong of a whip. "Do you wish to kill my hounds? I must warn you that the damages will be excessive."

The lady looked behind her quickly. "Oh, I am sorry. No, I don't wish to hurt the poor things. You see, I am experimenting. This is a new car, a hunting car, and I am not quite sure what it can do."

"So I should imagine." The hostile tone made the girl look at the speaker curiously.

"Are you the Master of the South Loamshire?"

"I have that responsibility."

"And you object to motor-cars at your meets?"

"I do, strongly."

"Ah!" The violet eyes met the grey ones fully and firmly. There was a flash of fire, like the crossing of two finely tempered weapons, then the girl's glance wavered just a little and she turned as if to speak to the chauffeur at her side. Wayne had time to observe the delicate profile and proud little chin. She was provokingly pretty, without doubt, but, resolved the M.F.H., not any claims to beauty should alter his determination to get the better of this intrepid young woman. The girl turned again and bent her gaze resolutely on the stern-faced man by the side of the car.

"I am very sorry you do not like motor-cars, or——" she smiled a little "motorists, but I always like to be perfectly straightforward, and I warn you that my car is going hunting to-day. It's a cross-country car, the latest thing out, a copy in miniature of the Army-Caterpillars, only much faster, and—well, you will presently see what we can do!"

"Do you mean to tell me," said the astonished Wayne, "that that snorting thing is going to follow the hounds?"

"Exactly!" There was a pretty, triumphant air about her now that exasperated the man intensely.

"You will get stuck in the first fallow you come to," he retorted.

"Shall we?" She smiled sweetly.

"It is a difficult country to negotiate sometimes, even when one is well mounted, but a motor-car!" His expression of disgust made the fair motorist laugh outright.

"If I am in at the death, will you give me the brush?"

"No," he said curtly. "That is for mounted sportswomen."

"But that is just what I am," she began, when another voice broke in on the dialogue and Lord Hurtlington rode up to the car.

"Why, Grandpapa! I thought you were at Norbrook," and she turned delightedly to the old man and pressed his hand affectionately.

"Ah, I was going to scold you," he smiled, "but "

"You just can't do it, dear." A roguish look passed between the two.

"You know they say that I am a chip of the old block," she continued. "But why am I here? I am going to hunt the fox."

"Anybody else?" joked her grandfather.

"*Cela depend.*" She sighed whimsically—"I have had a rebuff." She nodded her pretty head in the direction of the M.F.H., who had ridden a few paces off.

"Wayne!" called his lordship, "come here. Let me introduce you to my granddaughter, Miss Ferrers — Mr. Wayne."

Wayne's back was like buckram and his features never relaxed a muscle as he raised his hat.

"Vi," continued the old lord, "you must apologize. You splashed Mr. Wayne shockingly just now."

"Oh, did I do all that? Please forgive me." She looked so contrite that Wayne was half taken in, but a second glance at her face belied her words.

"Little vixen," he thought. "She deserves to be whipped." Then aloud: "I must beg you, Miss Ferrers, to keep well to the rear of the field, that is, if you are still bent upon what seems to me to be a most disastrous course."

"All's well that ends well," she scoffed. "We will count up our mishaps at the end of the day."

Wayne gave a jerk to his hat and rode off, more angry than he had been for many a day. As for Violet Ferrers, her color had heightened considerably and her lips had compressed firmly at his speech.

"Vi means mischief," thought her grandfather; "I can see it in her eyes." Then he gave her directions as to the probable point at which a fox would break cover, if the hounds drew a neighboring copse successfully. "And, Vi, my dear," he added, "I have not the remotest idea of what this wonderful car can do, but remember that I am fond of you and I have no desire to wear a black band round my old arm for you."

"All right! I will be as good as gold and as circumspect as the M.F.H. himself."

After that the car behaved beautifully. When hounds moved off to cover Miss Ferrers waited until everyone was well out of the way, then her car followed at a discreet distance and with commendable quietness. Finally, when the hounds disappeared from view in a tiny copse, the motorist forbore to come up with the rest of the field, and kept a wide space between the car and the groups of horsemen waiting without the wood.

But a few minutes passed before there was heard a whimper, then gradually the whole pack broke into joyous chorus.

"Yonder he goes," cried a countryman, who had been cutting faggots from the hedge outside; "there!" He pointed to a long reddish-brown streak that was creeping alongside the ditch surrounding the wood. There was a view-hallo, and the fox, finding there was no chance in malingering around his home, broke right away and headed across country for another stronghold at his very best pace.

"Yoicks! Get away forrard!" shouted the second whip, as he slashed at two laggards of the pack. "We're in for a good thing, my beauties!" And away they streamed. Over some park-land first, then on to a stretch of breezy, gorse-covered common. Thence through an open gate into a road leading into the farm lands. Meadows here, and fairly easy going, for the tenant was a sporting man and would leave some of his gates open on hunting days.

All this time Miss Ferrers and her car formed the rear-most contingent of the

chase. As for the M.F.H., he could not battle quite successfully with his curiosity, and at every convenient turn he gave a backward glance to see what was happening. But the motor was plodding along most decorously and quite at the tail of the field.

"Ah," he thought triumphantly, "I don't see much 'hunting' about that car, and when we get into the turnips it will get stuck altogether."

The hounds now took a rapid turn to the right and disappeared over some rising ground, and sure enough, here was the turnip field. But the car did not get stuck. On the contrary, it suddenly forged ahead quickly and was soon on even terms with the foremost huntsmen. A high bank, topped by a straggling hedge, loomed in sight. Before he put his horse at the obstacle Wayne looked back. The car was running at top speed alongside the bank, and then, a convenient gap discovered in the hedge, it went "clutching" up the incline and then dropped down into the next field.

"By George!" laughed Lord Hurtlington, who had waited to see the achievement, "I only hope Wayne saw that!"

"We lose time creeping up and down, but now, on the straight, we will race you, Grandpapa," cried the girl gleefully.

The pace was hot, for there was a burning scent, but the car soon outdistanced all but the very hardest riders.

The M.F.H. had been an astonished spectator of the climbing of the bank by the car, and though he could not help admiring the pluck of its driver, he resented the wonderful mechanism of the thing.

"It is not sport, is it?" he said to his horse, as he patted its neck affectionately, "not good bone and muscle like yours." Then, hearing the near approach of the machine, he urged his horse to yet better endeavor.

After that it seemed somewhat of a duel between Miss Ferrers and Wayne. The chauffeur didn't count. After putting in a few words of warning, of which the lady took no heed, the man said no more.

"We are not going to be beaten," said Violet determinedly.

On they pounded over the long brown furrows, then into the meadows again, and still, whatever time the car lost in seeking for easy places at the intervening hedges and ditches, it made up for the lost ground afterwards by its marvellous speed. And always—after the huntsman—the foremost people of the hunt were the M.F.H. and the fair motorist. The rest of the field were quite two fences behind.

Presently, as they topped the crest of a long rise in the ground, a gleam of silver could be seen far down in the next meadow. The stream was wide enough to test a good horse's jumping powers severely. Hounds could be seen swimming across. The huntsman turned and, riding about fifty yards down the stream, came to an old wooden bridge, by which he crossed and then was soon lost to sight.

On came the dauntless motorist and her car, and on came the determined M.F.H. Water was his horse's specialty, and he resolved not to lose time by riding to the bridge. It was neck or nothing now as he raced on, firm in his resolve to be first on the other side of the shimmering brook. Violet also realized that here would be the final tussle for precedence. She sent the car forward at an awful speed now and shot swiftly down the slope, passing Wayne. The overtaken horseman bit his lip angrily. That chit of a girl! He gave his horse a sharp dig with his spurs and fairly raced down to the stream, determined that, as she was doubtless pushing forward for the bridge, he would not wait his turn to cross by it, but take off near enough for her to see some decent horsemanship.

Wayne's horse reached the stream at the exact moment that the car's front wheels touched the first plank of the bridge.

It was a slippery, rotten bit of bank, and the horse, finding the footing insecure, refused the jump. His angry master pulled him round quickly and put him at it again. He scarcely rose at it and, stumbling forward, fell

heavily into the brook, pitching his master off into mid-stream. Three feet of water was nothing to hurt, but as Wayne rose the fallen horse kicked out wildly and something snapped in the man's leg. "Broken! Confound it!" He plumped on his knees and was preparing to wade out so, when the horse, in struggling for the bank, kicked out once more, and this time the blow fell on his master's head. This was the final coup and poor Wayne fell backward into the water, in danger, unless help were speedily forthcoming, of being drowned.

Simultaneously with his first tumble into the water there had been a cry from the motor-car. The slight wooden structure that bridged the stream was but a narrow way, and Violet, in her great desire to reach the opposite bank before the M.F.H., had driven on to it recklessly. The car swerved and dashed into the side of the bridge, the rickety support gave way, carrying with it some of the cross planks, and the weight of the car did the rest.

Crash! Miss Ferrers' hunting-motor was in the stream!

At their first impact with the railing the chauffeur had been hurled across to the opposite side, where he lay stunned but not grievously hurt. Violet was not thrown out, but as the car dumped into the water, she was pitched violently to the left and hurt her head against the side of the car. Although she was a little stunned she was unaware of the severity of the blow until later. As the car settled down in the stream the water came over her feet, but that was all. "No danger of drowning," she thought. Then she was suddenly aware of the other accident a few yards away, turning her head just in time to see the M.F.H. make his first attempt to get out of the stream. Violet gave a queer little smile.

"A dead heat!" she murmured hysterically, for she understood that even as they both had reached the brook simultaneously, so, too, the dual disaster must have happened in a single moment.

She anticipated no danger to Mr. Wayne, however, until she saw him sink back into the water after the second blow from his horse's hoofs. She gave a little cry and looked round for help. There was no one in sight—the pace at which they had come had far out-distanced the rest of the field.

"He will be drowned," she said to herself. "I must get him out quickly." She dropped down into the water and waded to the spot. She nearly fell over Wayne's prostrate body as it lay across the bed of the stream; then she started dragging him towards the car, keeping his head well up out of the water. She had a confused idea that it should be towards the bank, but her brain was not working properly, her actions were purely mechanical now, and the car seemed the easier refuge.

Violet never knew how she drew her heavy burden to safety, everything was so hazy; but at length she succeeded in getting the unconscious man on the floor of the car.

"The tide will rise," she said, with a queer notion that they were on some rocks and the brook was the sea lapping the sides. "I must get him still higher." She lifted him up until his head rested on the cushioned seat, and then, her own injury beginning to have its way, she leaned against the back of the seat and lost consciousness.

A few minutes later, the chauffeur, recovering his senses, sat up and regarded the position of the hunting-motor and its unconscious occupants in bewilderment. But to his great relief, he descried some patches of scarlet coming over the bend of the hill they had lately crossed. These, resolving into the followers of the hunt, came galloping down to the scene of disaster.

* * * * * *

There must surely have been some whimsical fate abroad which led to the two people who had been so much at variance at the beginning of the day being so suddenly brought together in their misfortunes.

So thought Lord Hurtlington when he superintended the removal of his granddaughter to the "Broken Pitcher"—the nearest inn. Here he was informed by the doctor that, though he anticipated no danger, it was impera-

tive that Miss Ferrers should remain where she was.

"And Mr. Wayne?" asked his lordship, for the luckless M.F.H. had necessarily been brought to the same haven.

"Ah!" The doctor shook his head ominously. "I cannot say. His case is very complicated. We must hope for the best, but it may be many weeks before he can be moved, even if ——"

There was a significant pause, which Lord Hurtlington quite understood.

But Douglas Wayne had a fine constitution, which he had never undermined in any way; it stood him in good stead now, and soon gave the lie to the gloomy prognostications of the doctors.

When Violet Ferrers at length came to the convalescent period of her illness, she was enlightened regarding the results of the double accident, and she evinced much interest in the condition of her fellow-sufferer. The interest became mutual as Wayne passed the critical stage. Messages of condolence were first exchanged, and later, congratulations on recovery. Magazines travelled to and fro between the patients' rooms, and baskets of fine fruit from Mr. Wayne's hot-houses were reserved for the use of the lady.

Finally Wayne heard from his doctor what a narrow escape he had had that fateful day, and he wrote a note to Miss Ferrers. In this he begged that she would not leave the inn without giving him an opportunity of seeing her.

Violet at once guessed the reason of his wish for an interview.

"He feels beholden to me and wants to get his thanks done with," she thought.

One afternoon her nurse helped Wayne's attendant to get the crippled man into the little sitting-room which had been improvised for Violet's benefit. With a nice intuition the girl retreated to her bedroom until her visitor was safely settled in the other room.

When she first saw him she could not repress a little cry. This hollow-eyed, cadaverous looking man was so utterly different to the robust, alert M.F.H. who had met her with so much hostility on the day of the accident.

"No, please don't try to get up," she said, as he made an effort to rise.

For his part, the man was astonished to see the change in Violet.

All the mischief had vanished from her eyes, and instead, they held a sweet seriousness, and her voice vibrated with a charming sympathy. Wayne thought her face the very sweetest he had ever seen, and himself a consummate ass for his behaviour to her at Fives' Cross.

As the nurses left the room there was an obvious constraint between the two: then Wayne, determined to be rid of his obligations, fired off his thanks rather abruptly.

"Oh," said Violet, paling a little.

"Yes," repeated the man, looking at her earnestly and smiling at her as if he rather liked the idea. "I owe you my life."

"Indeed, it was nothing," murmured Violet, her face flushing crimson.

"Was it not? Then how about this, then?" He touched her bandaged arm gently. "The doctor told me that you had severely strained the ligaments of your shoulder through dragging my heavy weight through the water. It hurts me to think of that."

"Then don't think about it," said Violet simply. "Try and forget the whole episode."

"I shall never do that. I don't mean to. I don't wish to forget it," he replied sturdily, looking into her eyes very earnestly.

Again there was that meeting and flashing of glances, but this time there was no hostility in them.

"Give and take" is a very useful maxim to apply to married life. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wayne evidently found it so, for during the following hunting-season it was not unusual to find that, while Mrs. Wayne invariably drove her husband to the meets in a motor-car, the M.F.H. would give an excellent lead across country to his wife, who made one of the prettiest pictures possible mounted on a clever chestnut, which she rode with grace, skill and judgment.

The Taking of Almighty Voice "Bad Indian"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Howard Giles

Author's Note—I wish to say that this story, and the others of the series which follow it, are [illegible]. They are not yarns that have been handed down, nor the creation of a [illegible], but the plain record of actual happenings in my ten years' service in the [illegible] Mounted Policeman is no lover of publicity, and for that reason few [illegible] in print. But while he dislikes boasting, he also resents being mis-[illegible] the tales that have appeared about him are calculated to divide the force [illegible]. For instance, to call a Mounted Policeman a "private" and the [illegible] commanding his division a "post commander" savours too much of United States Army [illegible] to suit the men of the red tunic, who are "constables" officially until they earn promotion [illegible] ranks, and who disapprove of being called "gravel crushers." Again, in a recent story purporting to be a tale of the days when whiskey smuggling into the Northwest Territories kept the Mounted Police busy, a character in apprehending a whiskey runner tells him he is arrested "in the King's name," which, as Queen Victoria reigned until 1901, *and the Liquor Ordinance making whiskey running no longer unlawful came into operation in* 1892, *must have [illegible] than one member of the force. These reminiscences are written with the idea of giving truthful pictures of the Mounted Policeman to the readers of* CANADA MONTHLY

THIS is the story of the Cree Indian [illegible] Mounted Police by Voice) who, in company with a [illegible] entrenched himself in a hole in the [illegible] and two others, and two [illegible] stood off a [illegible] Mounted Police [illegible] by about a hundred armed settlers and [illegible] guns. Garbled versions of this story [illegible] appeared in print [illegible] glorifying this savage and ringing in the "last stand" stunt. He undoubtedly possessed a certain kind of bravery, but it was merely the courage of the cornered wolf.

Taking for granted that the reader will be interested in a true account of the "Bad Indian's" exploits at first hand, I will set down the bald facts without any frills.

The trouble started when the Indian,

being too lazy to work, killed a cow not his own property to satisfy the pangs of hunger. For this he was promptly arrested and confined in the police guard room at Duck Lake until he could be sent in to Prince Albert. During the night, while the sentry slept beside the stove, the prisoner managed to get out of his cell and, possessing himself of the jailor's rifle and ammunition belt, made his escape into the bush.

Next morning there was "hell a-poppin'." The detachment was ordered out to hunt for the fugitive and Sergeant Colbrook, accompanied only by a half-breed scout, located him. When he saw he was discovered the Indian jumped for his gun and warned them not to come near or he would shoot. The scout promptly turned and fled, but Colbrook advanced, as in duty bound, and was shot dead in his tracks.

This happened on October 22nd, 1895, and for two years thereafter the country was combed for hundreds of miles in every direction and a large reward offered for the Indian's capture. The whole of the Mounted Police force were constantly on the lookout for him, but the murderer had disappeared.

One fine morning towards the end of May, 1897, came to the barracks at Duck Lake Napoleon Venne, half-breed scout, with a bullet in his shoulder and another through his hat. He had stumbled upon the outlaw in a poplar bluff near the scene of the first tragedy. Almighty Voice told the scout to *mistapute*, and Napoleon *mistaputed*, persuaded thereto the more readily by a spatter of bullets in his rear.

Duck Lake detachment consisted of but five men, some of them absent at the time. The sergeant in charge wired to Prince Albert, the headquarters of "F" Division, for reinforcements, and at once took up the hunt himself with the help of a few of the citizens, but with disastrous results. He was forced to retire, leaving on the field the dead body of Grundy, the village postmaster, and Almighty Voice cut the second notch in his gun stock.

A few hours later Captain "Jack" Allan and fifty troopers arrived at the poplar bluff and tried to storm the Indian's defence. By this time Little Salteaux had joined the outlaw and the police charge was checked by a steady rain of bullets from the repeating rifles of the two Indians under cover, Captain Allan being badly wounded.

At this critical moment Corporal Hocking (formerly a captain in the Essex regiment) and two troopers crawled into the brush and tried to creep towards the pit in which the two Indians were entrenched. They were never again seen alive. All three were killed before they had advanced a dozen yards. After waiting some time Constable O'Kelly and Richard Cook, a Dominion Forest Ranger, went to the rescue in an attempt to remove the bodies of their dead comrades, and then only was the real nature of the outlaw's entrenchment discovered. A most scientific rifle pit had been dug and it was impossible to reach them without a considerable sacrifice of life. As it was, one of O'Kelly's spurs was shot away and Cook was hit in the leg, but the former survived to die four years later on the African veldt, while Mr. Cook lived to become mayor of the city of Prince Albert.

"I looked square into his face," Mr. Cook says, "and I tell you, his eyes were dancing."

Captain Allan and Sergeant Raven having been badly wounded in the first attack were carried to the rear, but the gallant officer insisted on retaining the command. Recognizing the death trap that he had fallen into, and not wishing to sacrifice any more lives by rushing the bluff, he withdrew his force out of rifle range but stretched a cordon around the outlaws to prevent their escape in the darkness. It was soon apparent that the Indians had no provisions, and it was only necessary to sit tight and let hunger do its work.

About midnight Almighty Voice asked for a "pow-wow," and to the interpreter, who remained at a safe

THE WHOLE OF THE MOUNTED POLICE FORCE WERE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE MURDERER

distance, however, during the parley, he complained of being hungry.

"I have put up a good fight to-day," he argued, "and I want my supper. You have plenty. Give me some grub-pile that I may be able to continue the fight to-morrow."

The reader can imagine how the tired troopers grinned in the darkness at this ingenuous request. The outlaws were told to come out and give themselves up and they would get food and a fair trial. This, however, they refused to do, and so the night wore away. Throughout the whole of the second day the situation remained unchanged. The cordon round the bluff was drawn tighter, but no attempt was made to attack. The outlaws were heard chanting their war songs and "making medicine" to sustain their courage.

Towards nightfall reinforcements arrived from Regina and Prince Albert, bringing two field guns, a seven and a nine-pounder, and preparations were made to shell the bluff.

All through the second night of the siege the old mother of Almighty Voice sat on a low hill wrapped in her gaudy blanket and chanted her son's death song. Once the old creature tried to break through the line to take him food and ammunition but was driven back.

Next morning, after again calling in vain upon the Indians to surrender, Superintendent McIllree, who had now assumed command, ordered the artillery to commence firing, and shells began to scream through the air and to cut down the brush that concealed the pit. Soon the bluff was laid bare, and the gunners trained their pieces to drop the deadly missiles into the hole itself.

It was a wild scene. Hundreds of spectators had gathered from the surrounding country to watch the fight, bands of Indians from the nearby reservations looked on from the neighboring hills, and the old crone continued to rock to and fro chanting the weird death song of Almighty Voice. The bursting shells tore up the ground and scattered earth and brush in all directions, while the fierce war song of the doomed murderer came to the attacking force in savage defiance.

There seemed to be no other way. The outlaw undoubtedly deserved all that was coming to him, yet amongst the troopers compelled to look on inactive while this unequal battle raged, more than one felt something akin to shame that one lone untutored savage (for his companion was only a boy) should be able to compel recourse to

such terrible, perhaps questionable, measures.

By and by the gunners got the range, and when the shells commenced to drop into the pit the harsh notes of the war song ceased and were heard no more, yet so great was the dread inspired by this one man that the firing continued long after the silence of death had settled over the fatal spot.

At last the order was given to cease firing and a rush took place. No rifle spat to stop the charge—the tragedy was finished.

The dead bodies of the two Indians, frightfully mangled, lay in a heap at the bottom of the hole—they had gone to the happy hunting ground to be judged by the *mistahay Manitou*.

TO A DROWSY MISTRESS

BY WALLACE RICE

WAKE, Lady, wake! the stars grow few,
And all the world doth bid thee rise;
For who can see the heavens' blue
Until he spies it in thine eyes?
So rouse thee! and thy pretty smile
Shall gladden earth and me the while.

I cannot know the dawnlight true
Till thy fond blushes paint the skies,
Till thy bright lips shall stain anew
The line below which Phœbus lies;
The little birds wait to rejoice,
Thy morning madrigal to voice.

O waken! for the meadows sue
A share in lovers' ecstasies,
To see thine eyelids and their dew
Arouse the earth in sweet surprise;
Awake! and lend thy dear consent,
To love-light in the firmament.

She rouses—and the linnets sing;
She wakes—the sun to view doth spring,
The flowers open, everything
Is bright and gay; and gay am I
To see my Lady drawing nigh
With love-light spread on earth and sky!

Allies Invisible

By G. F. Chipman

Illustrated by
C. O. Longabaugh

"OLD MELVILLE HAS TRIED TO RUN 'EM OUT ALREADY, BUT THEY'RE STILL THERE"

THERE never lived a set of more happy go-lucky human beings than those gathered around the bar in Colonel Ashton's hotel at MacLeod one evening in the early eighties. The cowboys and ranchers from the surrounding country had finished the work of the spring round-up and were taking their usual relaxation after the strenuous season of the rope and branding iron. Twice a year, after the spring and fall roundups, this same crowd were the guests of the Colonel, where they assembled in search of recuperation and inspiration. Something in the hospitality of the hotel, the typical western greeting of the host—or it may have been in his refreshments—warmed the cockles of their hearts and made them feel that they had not lived in vain.

In the early days of the west the life was an active one and the pleasures were equally stirring for the pioneers were strangers to the civilized recreations of to-day. An evening or two in the "city," when time allowed, were bright spots to those who hoped some day to return to their native land, when the west had been fleeced of its wealth. The bartenders were kept busy filling the glasses, and soon the odor of beer permeated the room, and the tobacco smoke grew thicker, so that features were difficult to distinguish. The best stories of the season's accumulation were exchanged with the embellishments which only frontiersmen can lend, particularly after such a long drought. The proceedings of the evening were enlivened by impromptu songs and dances as the Colonel's firewater began to eat its way into the brains of the range. The entertainment provided by the intoxicated cowboys was unique, and the fantastic steps they shook were unknown to Parisian dancing-masters of the day. The wonderfully soothing effect of the potent beverage was soon evident and the evening was not hoary when slumber prostrated many forms and snores punctuated the revelry of the bar. Poker chips were in considerable demand, and jackpots decided whither hard-earned money

should go—except what went over the bar.

During one of the occasional lulls when an inebriated dancer had agitated himself into oblivion, a drawling voice asked, "Has any of you fellers heard how Wilder and Black's gittin' on?"

When old Tim Foster propounded this query he struck a chord which met with a response from nearly every sober individual present. Even Buck Turner, the most inveterate gambler when loafing, turned to give attention regardless of the fact that in so doing he was exposing his "flush" to the gaze of his opponents.

It had been in the same room, and but a few months prior to this occasion, that Jack Wilder and Harry Black, two of the best known young fellows on the range and owners of the Lazy Y outfit, had announced that they were quitting the ranch and were going to farm. They had purchased a large strip of land from the Canadian Government and on it intended to raise wheat, carrying some cattle as a side line. The Crow's Nest Pass of the Canadian Pacific would pass near their farm within a year, and would thus bring them within touch of the markets of the world. They saw in the near future the cattlemen disappearing over the range before the onward march of the homeseeker, and determined to be in the van. They knew that steers and steam plows could never flourish on the same range.

Like a thunderbolt came the news to their comrades, and when it was known that the farm was in the centre of the ranch leased by Colonel Melville, the "Cattle King" of Alberta, all knew there would be stormy times.

"Wall, I don't jest know how they're makin' out, but I kin tell you how they'll end. Old Melville's b'ilin' hot, and he's the devil when he's hot. Them fellers has got the ch'icest bit of range, and right where the old man drives his steers over the Little Bow. The Cunnel nearly had a fit when he found the land was bought. He'll kill 'em if they don't quit farmin'. I'm bettin' there ain't no wheat grows on the Cunnel's range." Sam Rampson, affectionately called "Ram," spat decisively on the floor as he concluded his address.

"Don't be too sure," drawled Tim. "Old Melville has tried to run the boys out already, and they're still there."

"Spin it, Tim!" yelled several voices, scenting a story.

"Well, you see, it was this way," and Tim added more fire to his already fiercely burning pipe as he settled down to tell his story. "The boys' farm is right up agin the Little Bow at Sarcee Ford, and that's the best crossin' on the whole range, and the Cunnel always used it. You see, you can't farm till you git things fenced, so the boys strung a fence around the farm and shut off the ford from Melville. Jest's soon as he heard about it the old man sent his cowpunchers to drive a bunch of steers across the farm and through the ford. They left a few steers on the farm jest as reminders and to show there wan't no hard feelin's like."

"I'll bet the boys have been livin' on Melville's beef ever since," interrupted Buck Turner.

"No, they ain't. Wilder wouldn't shoot the creatures till he had to. He jest goes out and ropes the wildest lookin' animal in the bunch, an' when he let the son of a gun loose what do you s'pose it looked like? He had a big white cloth strapped tight onto his back with the sign tellin' everybody to 'Keep off the Farm and Save Trouble.'"

"Hurray for the byes!" "I'm backin' 'em to win!" "I hope they'll lick the old devil!" "I guess they'll farm some yet!" and similar expressions came from all parts of the room when old Tim finished his yarn.

"What's all the noise about, and who's this you're backing?" came a voice from the doorway, and as the crowd turned they saw the two objects of their admiration enter the room.

"The boys is jest sayin' thet they'll back you fellers agin old Melville," said Tim as he shook hands with the newcomers.

"That's good of you, boys, and I guess we'll need all the sympathy possible, for the old man's got his Irish up and is out for blood," said Ralph Wilder. "No, we haven't quit," he

replied to a sarcastic remark from the "Ram." "We'll get you to give us an exhibition in sprinting when we're ready to retreat." This allusion to Rampson's well known cowardice put a quietus on that individual for the remainder of the evening.

A casual survey of the two farmers showed them to be young men of about thirty years of age, and their splendid physique had not been ruined by dissipation. Clean-shaven faces revealed determination and grit which would need accounting for in any struggle. They were dressed in regulation cowboy attire and had apparently just ridden into town.

"This session is rather a dry one. Fill 'em up, Pete," yelled Tim to the bartender. "Come on, boys, I want you to drink to the whitest farmers that ever turned a furrow. I'm goldarned if I care if they did leave us; I wish 'em luck, an' I hope they'll lick old Melville so his own mother won't know him when they git through with him. Here's to 'em!" and without more adieu Tim plunged his face into the foaming beer, for it was a long speech for him.

"Thanks, boys," said Wilder when the toast had been drunk. "Harry and I need all your kind wishes, and we hope you won't think we've gone back on you. We're all after the dollar, and if we can't find it in wheat we'll be back with the steers."

The evening slipped away quickly, the chief centres of interest being the farmers, and many questions were asked them of their experiences. Late in the evening the meeting broke up, or rather, early in the morning, and shortly after daybreak Wilder and Black were on their way back to their farm.

"I saw one of the Cunnel's men drive a bunch of steers over the fence this mornin', and some of 'em's in the field now." This was the information brought to the farm shack very early one morning about a week later.

"Bring your gun, Harry. We've got to keep our word with the old villain." Rifles in hand they started for the scene of action. A short time and the fence was repaired, the cattle having all been driven out onto the range—except two that were shot and left lying dead without the fence.

"The old devil will carry war into Africa now," remarked Harry when the deed was done. "We might as well get ready for him."

Before the sun reached the horizon that afternoon Colonel Melville rode up to the farm, accompanied by Bryce Sutherland, another big cattleman of his own stripe.

"I presume you have the price of those steers you shot," was Melville's opening shot.

"If I haven't, I'll get it just as soon as you bring the price of the damage you have done to my property," Wilder did the talking and Black stood with him facing the cattlemen.

"Your property!" Melville shouted, rather than spoke. "Ain't that the best you ever heard?" he said, turning to Bryce, who nodded acquiescence. "I want to tell you youngsters right here that I have been running cattle over this range before you ever saw a steer, and I'm not going to be cut out of the ford. I want that ford kept open, whether you raise wheat or not."

"This farm is paid for. We bought it from the government and it is ours. If you don't like the way we do things you can buy the farm and keep your ford open, but we won't do it for nothing."

"Buy your farm! Why, you ——"

"Don't say it, Colonel; you'll only feel bad afterwards," interrupted Black.

"I'll drive the whole d——d bunch over your old farm before you're a month older and wipe you and your darned old crops off the face of the earth. You've only got yourselves to blame for it, too. You youngsters get too cocky and need taking down sometimes." Having delivered his ultimatum, the king of the range rode away with his companion.

"Don't lose any sleep out of sympathy for us, Colonel," shouted Wilder after his retreating form.

Melville had a habit of carrying out his threats, and this time he would do so, of course, as interlopers on the

THE BOYS HELD A COUNCIL OF WAR AFTER SUPPER

range were considered the legitimate victims of the cattlemen. The two young farmers at the ford knew there would be an invasion of their domain as soon as the Colonel could make ready.

As became good generals, Wilder and Black did not make the mistake at the outset of underestimating the power of the enemy. They realized full well that in Melville's wrath they would be compelled to combat the plans of a demon rather than a man. The cattle king realized that his prestige was at stake, and a defeat would mean humiliation such as only a discomfited bully ever feels. To him it was not a fight against civilization, but for selfish aggrandizement.

The defenders of the farm had seen the inevitable battle in the distance, and held a council of war, at which their preparations were passed in review. This battle would be the last throw of the dice, and it was their duty to see that they were properly loaded. The enemy had revealed his line of action and they governed themselves accordingly. The next day the wire fence was carefully examined and put in order against the rush of cattle. Inside the shack by the house Wilder was busily engaged, and by his orders a wire was strung from the fence to his place of work. He labored continually in his workshop, while to the observer it appeared that he was taking Colonel Melville's threat very calmly, or he would be gathering men together instead of repairing farm machinery.

King Philip, in advertising the preparation of his Armada, was not more boastful than Melville in detailing his plans to wipe out the farm and its owners. Soon it was known throughout the range that he had pronounced the doom of Wilder and his partner. In order that the final act of the drama might be spectacular and live in the memory of the observers, Melville ordered that several thousand of his cattle should be stampeded over the hill and across the farm, so that the wheat-fields and the shack would be in the pathway of the tornado. He knew that no person would come to the aid of the farmers, for the success of their efforts spelled the doom of the ranch. If Wilder and Black were foolhardy enough to stay before the stampede it would be their loss, and not his, for he had warned them. It was a great

URGING THE CATTLE ON WITH SHOUTS AND REVOLVER SHOTS

comfort and satisfaction to the cattle king to feel that he had such power at his command.

Such exhibitions as were planned for the destruction of the farm were not common in the ranching country. Even in itself the fury of a stampede is worth witnessing—from a safe distance. But the temper of the two ex-ranchmen was well known, and all knew there would be a defence of their rights. This added zest to the excitement. It was rumored that they would make an attempt to turn the stampede—an attempt which would be fraught with the greatest danger. Cowboys from all directions gathered on the hill when the day arrived. Though their sympathies were largely with the defenders, yet they were debarred from interference. On the range it is the survival of the fittest.

Still all was quiet at the farm and no extraordinary preparations were made. The day of battle was welcome, for after the tension of anxiety Wilder and Black longed for the decision. That morning the big engine on the steam plow was steamed up and run out beside the house facing the shack. Melville smiled when he heard this, amazed at the splendid nerve of men who would prepare for plowing when in a few hours there would be nothing to plow and such operations effectually disposed of.

Shouts and shots from over the hill announced the approaching hosts of destruction, and the earth trembled with the tread of the bovine army. With heads and tails in the air, with eyes rolling in maddened terror and with lolling tongues, the leaders of the stampeding herd tore down the range towards the farm. Gathering speed, and close behind them, came the main army of Melville's vengeance. Urging them on with the lash, shouting and revolver shots, were his hirelings. The king of the range was a most interested spectator from an eminence nearby.

Surely no human power could arrest the progress of that mighty avalanche —and yet, who were those two silent men in its path? Mounted on their horses, with rifles in hand, Wilder and Black sat quietly inside their fence facing death. Only a few hundred yards separated the stampede from its prey, for maddened cattle are blind to everything. Was it wilful suicide?

Rifle shots were heard over the din of the rushing herd. Yes, it was the two defenders, and two of the leaders of the army rolled in the path of their followers. The repeating rifles sent a fusillade of lead into that army, and at each shot another leader bit the dust, to be trampled by his companions. Over the bodies of their comrades many steers stumbled and fell. Those immediately behind instinctively swerved to pass the struggling barrier. Before the fence was reached the cattle were wallowing, a struggling mass of flesh. Yet their speed was slackened, and the herd was scattered as it approached the farmers' fence. Still there was time to retreat, but the horsemen never stirred. Revolvers succeeded

rifles in their hands and in the few seconds allotted to them they shot to kill.

At last the fence was reached—but was not passed. As the nose of the first huge bull touched the wires the animal was hurled backward to the ground as by a giant hand. Simultaneously others were stopped in their mad rush and cast under the feet of the trampling army. In less time than words could relate there was an impassable barrier of struggling steers piled high without the fence. The remainder, by sheer force, were turned aside, and hundreds were crowded over the steep bank into the river before the remnant of the once invincible army was headed towards the open range.

Still Wilder and Black sat their horses like statues, and still the big engine at the shack puffed forth black smoke. "There's a lot of valuable beef going to waste there," was the first remark of Wilder as he pointed to the dying cattle.

"Yes, and Melville will decide that an electric dynamo is the most advance implement of successful agriculture that has yet been introduced on this range," replied his partner as they turned their horses towards the house.

Philomel's Doll

By J. A. Dobson

"Y-AS," and Jacques looked at the mountains just before him as though recognizing old friends, "ya-s, I have been here before. Once I leeve here. 'Way down that lit' trail, you see eet, M'sieu?" and he pointed to what seemed a dark line on the side of the mountains, but most distinctly defined.

They were camping for the night on the Bow river, which winds westward through fair valleys encircled by the Canadian Alps, as the tourist calls the northwestern Rockies. The hunt had again been successful and Rupert Gordon nodded encouragingly to Jacques to continue. These reminiscences of the early times had become a fitting ending of the day's sport.

"Y-as, I leeve there once. An' our neighbaire was Pierre Duquesne. He an' hees lit' familie. There was no village near at han'; only a lit' trail led to the trading post w'ere we buy w'at we neede. Pierre Duquesne have one lit' girl name Philomel. An' w'en we go to trade I always say to her:

" 'What I breeng you, Philomel?'

"An' she hide her face behin' her mother's back an' call out:

" 'A doll, lit' Jacques.'

"Y-as, dat w'at she call me, 'lit' Jacques,' " and he stretched out his long limbs before the fire and laughed.

"Wa-ll, M'sieu', for seven year I breeng lit' Philomel a doll. An' den my mothaire die an' I am lonely an' I mar-rie Philomel. I taike her to my home an' she maike me so hap-py I almos' for-gait dat once *ma mere* sat by de same fire an' wait for me to come. The young for-gait soon, M'sieu'—eet ees on-ly de ole dat leeve in de past.

"An' I was ver' happy. My Philomel not han'some as some, but her heart, ah, M'sieu', eet was of gold. She stan' among her nine boys laike a lit' queen, and there was nevaire a cross look for one of us. Only a smile an' de cheery word w'en we come in from de hunt or de work. An' den at night w'en we seet aroun' de fire she would sing a lit' song or tell some story w'at she hear from her own people,

an' we all laugh an' think dat ees de bes' part of de day.

"So eet went an' our boys grow beeg an' strong laike me, an' when dey stan' by Philomel she look so lit' dat Jacques say—he name aftaire me—:

" 'Ma mere, you look laike one beeg doll,' an' then Philomel laugh back:

" 'I have seven dolls, Jacques, w'at your pere geeve me w'en I was lit' girl, an' I will geeve dem to my gran'-chile.' Den de laugh ees on Jacques.

"An' w'en our boys all go out with me to work I feel sorry sometime for Philomel lef' all al-one an' weesh one of my beeg boys have been a girl. But w'en I look at dem walk so strong beside me I feel I would not laike dat one be gone from my side. Dat is man, M'sieu', so selfish. Nevaire think of de woman lef' by herself."

"But Philomel say nothin'. She thinks only of me an' de boys. She ees nothin' so we be happy.

"One day I say to her I must go to de post an' get some things. An' early nex' mornin' I have my sledge ready. She come to de door to smile me good bye an' den laughs an' says:

" 'Bring me a doll, Jacques,' an' shuts de door.

"Eet was not a ver' good day. De sun was not shine, an' de clouds were dull an' grey. Eet was not good, M'sieu', to be caught in a storm any time, and then dere was no houses on de way, only a lit' trail w'at wound in an' out aroun' de mountain. I know ev'ry step of de way, but eet ees a wise man who does not lingaire w'en de snow ees scurryin' on de path.

"W'en I go to trade I see Gilber' Le Fount ees not all right. An' w'en I hear hees wife's voice in de kitchen, I know de reason. Gilber's wife is not pleasant, M'sieu'. She ees one scold. Always a scold. So I say queeck to Gilber' w'at I want so I can hurry to Philomel, who nevaire scolds.

"But Gilber' was slow; he stops an' he looks at me, den goes on to get me de sugaire, de spice, all de things that we need. Den he stops again. I say:

" 'W'at de mat', Gilber'?'

"An' he hurry pas' me queeck an' say nothin'. Den he have my things ready for me, an' I think of de doll Philomel ask for an' I say to myself:

" 'I'll buy a lit' doll for her jus' to maike one laugh.'

"So I turn to Gilber' and say:

" 'Gilber', you have one lit' doll here?'

"An' he look at me so strange an' say:

" 'W'y you buy a lit' doll, Jacques? You have no chile at your home, only beeg boys.'

"An' I laugh an' tell him what Philomel say.

"An' he come close to me an' whispaire:

" 'Come with me.'

"An' he leads me into a lit' room jus' off de side of de house an' dere is a lit' chile lyin' on de bed. Eets mouth is jus' open wid de cry an' one beeg tear on eets lit' cheek. I look at de chile an' look at Gilber', an' jus' den hear dat scoldin' voice an' know w'at Gilber' wants to say. Eet ees not hees. God knows w'ere to sen' de lit' chile, an' in dat house dere is not a single place for one.

"So I ben' down over dat lit' thing an' eet jus' hol' up eets han's an' de lips turn into a smile. An' Gilber' chokes a lit' an' pushes de chile into my arms an' says:

" 'Dere is a doll for your Philomel.'

"An' den I laugh an' laugh w'en I think how Philomel will look w'en I put eet into her arms. An' Gilber' ben's down an' rubs his rough cheek against de baby's lit' roun' face an' whispers again:

" 'She will be a lit' sistaire to your beeg boys, Jacques,' an' we go back to de store an' he bundles her up laike a piece of goods.

"Jus' den Veronique, dat's Gilber's wife, come out an' she looks at me an' den at Gilber' an' says:

" 'You goin' to taike dat chile, Jacques? Your wife one beeg fool if she keep eet. You with your fam-i-lie. I say, Philomel one beeg fool if she keep eet. I tell Gilber' to taike it away. He fin' eet in de snow. Jus' outside de door. Some low woman's. Why she drop eet at hees door? I say, why she drop eet at hees door?' an' she

turn an' look at poor Gilber' laike she kill him. Den she go out.

"I turn to Gilber' an' look straight at heem an' I says:

" 'Gilber', tell me true, ees dis chile all right?'

"An' he says, an' he leefs up hees han':

" 'I know nothin' of de chile, Jacques, but I fin' her.'

"Jus' den she smile again an' put her lit' han's in my beard an' make a noise with her rosy mout' like a dove coos, an' I think while I hol' her close to my heart, I do not care whose chile she was, she ees mine an' Philomel's now.

"Wall, I start home an' I hol' her close to me an' I laugh an' laugh at what Philomel say w'en she sees her doll. An' eet snows an' snows an' de win' blow an' I jus' let my horse taike hees own way out, eet falls so thick an' fas'. An' den, at las', I sees a great light, an' de open door an' Philomel an' de boys stan' dere an' wait an' look. An' eets her voice I hear first, always Philomel's voice first.

"I get out of de sledge an' de boys taike out de things an' I come in slow wid dat chile under my coat. An' Philomel's eyes fin' mine an' she says:

" 'Oh, Jacques, I almost fear to-night you have been los',' an' den, with a lit' laugh almost a sob, 'an' my lit' doll.'

"An' then I laugh an' laugh, an' my boys, my beeg boys, stan' roun' an' dey laugh, too, an' not know w'y. But I wait until they have bring in all de things an' put dem on de table an' den I lay my doll right in among de flour, de molas', de sugaire. An' Philomel watch me. Dat woman know. How she know I nevaire can tell, but she always know. An' de first thing she take up dat doll. I see de lit' feet commence to keeck an' Philomel's eyes grow all so bright. She taike off de lit' hood an' den cries out:

" 'My doll, my doll, my chile, my chile!'

"An' de boys stan' aroun' her an' ben' ovaire dat babe an' I kneel at her side an' wid de look in her face I know how de shepherds felt w'en de star led dem to de stable an' dey fell at de feet of Mary an' worship de Chile."

A DELUSION

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

I KNOW he never loved me; that
He scarcely saw at all
The soul that wears my body's garb,
And is both lord and thrall.

Yet through my day there runs a song,
Sweet, sweet, though but a lie.
There is no use in dreaming? Well—
Who then should dream but I?

I know he never loved me, yet
Each day I dream anew;
Might not a parched and thirsty field
Pretend that there was dew?

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes

CHRISTMASES WITH DICKENS

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

WHEN [illegible] Spirit of Christ[illegible] descends to the earth he carries tucked under his vast wing the spirit of Charles Dickens—that bright and great and cheery spirit who made Christmas twice the merry feast it is [illegible] one will deny that a certain warmth glows in the heart at Christmas time—a delightful feeling of affection towards all humanity, of brotherly love, of human interest in the very poorest brother of them all; there is, in fact, a feeling of light-heartedness abroad, a royal, a generous feeling as though we would snap a merry finger at all the [illegible]ehind and that to come, and care not a jot what it brought us one way or the other.

It is good and wholesome and wise to spend an old-time Christmas with Dickens if only to make us forget the modern mercenary spirit which has crept into the grand old feast. And how many sorts of Christmases you [illegible] with him

Walk right up, my masters, and take your choice.

Will you have it with surly old Gabriel Grub in the churchyard under the light of that very young moon who was more than half afraid to shed a ray of her pale light on anything so un-Christmas-like as an unfinished grave? Sour enough was old Gabriel as he sat on a flat tomb stone and made a joke of a coffin as a Christmas box as he drank deep from his wicker bottle. But Gabriel was not "watching out" so the "Gobbiluns" got him. You remember him, that terrible little Goblin that suddenly popped up from somewhere, with the long legs and the short body and the inquisitive nose that smelt out Gabriel's bottle and wanted to know what was inside it. But what of it [illegible]hen the Goblin with a fearful laugh which made old Gabriel's last few hairs [illegible]tand up straight upon his head and [illegible]et his old teeth chattering in their [illegible]ockets, ordered Gabriel to be held by the throat by a smaller goblin while another—small, but vicious—poured down the old sexton's throat such a draught of flame-like liquid as made him gasp again as he wiped the tears from his eyes!

A Christmas draught that to make the Devil himself chuckle.

THE MOVING PICTURES

"AND now," quoth the Goblin, "show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our great storehouse."

Then began a series of such moving pictures as you or I, friend, may see any Christmas Eve we care to go—purse in hand and compassion in the heart—to look for wherever men meet in crowded city ways, in every land upon this earth, whether a hot Christmas sun beats upon man and beast, or the fog enwraps them, or the frost and snow crackle under their feet on some fine and sparkling Christmas morning. The little children crowding about the mother in the poor home waiting for father to come to the lean feast. Not much Christmas cheer, here, to be sure, but such love and joy and merriment as the bright laughter and noisy chatter of children whose great feast it is. Some toys were there, you may be sure, if only the smeared-face doll or woolly sheep that cost at most a copper.

This—and sadder pictures of death and sorrow, and brighter ones of calm contentment and cheerful lives of labor Gabriel Grub saw, as the Goblin waved the fairy clouds before his face—old Gabriel who had come, cross and surly and hating Christmas, and boxing the ears of small boys who whistled Christmas carols—to finish the unmade grave upon one Christmas night. And he saw himself and men like him—people who cry out upon Christmas, upon Christmas living and Christmas joy, who snarl at the light-heartedness of the Cratchits as they pick the bones of the Christmas goose, or the Fezziwigs as they dance—(you remember how old Fezziwigs' calves winked again as he footed it up and down and round about with Mrs. Fezziwigs)—who growl like Old Scrooge at every hearty "Merry Christmas". And when, lying flat on his tombstone, old Grub awoke on Christmas morning, he was, I can tell you, a different man, and if you wake up on that morning half as happy as Gabriel Grub, as contented, wise and

THE LITTLE GOBLIN POPPED UP, SMELT OUT GABRIEL GRUB'S FLAT BOTTLE AND WANTED TO KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT

cheerful as he afterwards became, it might be a good thing after all if the "Gobbiluns cotched yeh."

OTHER CHRISTMAS PLACES

OF COURSE, you might prefer to spend Christmas—if you are young enough and lucky enough—at Grand Papa's or Grand Mama's, in which case this history will have little to tell you of joy and happy merriment that you won't know all about before—how

Grand Papa of that Dickens dinner long ago insisted on walking all the way to market to choose the Turkey himself and had it carried home behind him in triumph by a porter; how Grand Mama was so very secret and mysterious two or three days before Christmas —as well she might be, and is to-day with all those lovely things up her sleeve, so to speak. And you will go down to the kitchen with Uncle George (who takes off his coat to do it) to stir the pudding, and you will play blind-man's buff with him in the evening and go to church next morning in state with Grand Papa and Grand Mama and Uncle George and the Poor Relation and all the children and will hear them sing the "Adeste" and will pipe in to help, too.

And what a dinner that will be! Was there ever a turkey so white and firm and plump as to breast, my dear, or pudding so round and speckled, or mince pies so rich and juicy, or oranges so large or nuts so full of flavour———

A Merry Christmas surely!

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

THERE was that Christmas we spent with Pip and Joe Gargery and Mrs. Joe and Uncle Pumblechook. Mr. Wopsle, the town clerk, was there too—you remember him by his Roman nose and large shining forehead, and the deep bass voice with which he said grace? What was it we had for dinner? Oh, a leg of pickled pork and greens and a pair of roast stuffed fowls, to be sure, followed by as handsome a mince pie as ever you saw and topped off by Uncle Pumblechook's sherry wine—the merest ghost of a glass. And all the time you were thinking of the convict out on the marshes—lame and hoarse and cold—gobbling all at once the mince meat and bread and cheese and pork pie that Pip had stolen for him—and as you look, the mists upon the marshes thicken and he flits like a ghost into the heart of them.

CHRISTMAS IN DINGLEY DELL

BUT there are no ghosts at jovial Mr. Wardle's where they bred "lovely pork" and warmed the immortal Pickwick with cherry brandy, most comforting of tipples. You go down to Dingley Dell on the Muggleton Coach—outside of course, and well wrapped up in great coat, shawl and comforter, and "vith" Mr. Samivel Veller up behind and that contrary codfish for somebody's Christmas dinner, got somehow, head and tail in the middle, into the boot by the combined struggles of Mr. Weller and the Guard. Off you go on that Christmas journey, rumbling out of London and down over the hard and frosty roads through the little towns and villages to where Mr. Wardle—along with the fat boy—is waiting for them at the Blue Lion.

What a time Mr. Pickwick had that Christmas Eve playing solemn rubbers with the old lady, Mrs. Wardle's mother, and sipping hot elder wine with brandy and spice, and afterwards when the ladies had gone to bed. And what a morning after, when everybody—the old lady at the head—was up betimes, the maid servants in new pink muslin gowns, and the old lady in stiff brocade all ready for the Christmas wedding and the festivities after it. That *was* a Christmas! and a Christmas dinner and a Christmas ball after it, where the fiddlers sat in a bower of holly and evergreen, and Mr. Pickwick in speckled silk stockings and neat pumps danced with the old lady—hands across—down the middle—and back again until they all adjourned to the big farm kitchen to join in the Christmas games which Mr. Pickwick led by kissing the old lady under the mistletoe, and Mr. Winkle followed by kissing, not without much scratching and struggling, the young lady with the black eyes, and which merry old Mr. Wardle himself ended with a stave of a Christmas carol:—

But my song I troll out for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold,
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old.
Then again I sing till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall,
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
As the King of the Seasons all!

THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS

THERE are no merry old ladies sitting down to dinner upon a Christmas Eve in the quaint hostel of good Master Watts who, as many centuries ago as would make you wink again for thinking how far back they are, founded this Charity for "Six poor Travellers, who not being Rogues or Proctors may receive gratis for one Night, Lodging, Entertainment and Fourpence each."

Inside, the Travellers sit by the fire and "cook what bits of supper they buy with their fourpences," but on the night when we look in—this very Christmas Eve, it is, it happens that a Christmas traveller who has no need of Master Watt's fourpence is here to spread a feast for such poor wayfarers as find themselves homeless on this night. And what a supper it is, with "a temperate glass of hot wassail" to follow! From the adjacent inn comes the turkey—the biggest that money can buy—and cooked to a turn and, racing after as though to overtake him, a noble Baron of Beef—a very Sir Lion of the spit, bursting with gravy, more of which accompanies him—like a page—in a tureen, which is accompanied in its turn by a mound of plates and "the female carrying sauces" and the man with the tray on his head containing the vegetables and sundries, each and every brought up by the volunteer [illegible] and "rendering no assistance."

The Six Poor Travellers with the Seventh—who was also host—did full justice, you may depend on it, to the noble feast and told stories later when they gathered round the fire with the nuts and wassail and listened to the wind outside and drank again to Christmas—"Christmas Eve, when the shepherds, who were Poor Travellers too, in their way, heard the Angels sing, 'On earth peace. Goodwill towards men!'"

Nor did they break up till the cathedral bell struck twelve—and then, near the old gates of the city the Seventh Poor Traveller—the master of the feast, who lodged at the inn, paused to listen to the waits and hear the blue-nosed clarionet pipe, tremblingly enough, God knows—

> "God bless you, merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay——"

before he, with his fellows, was led away to make merry himself beside the roaring inn fire.

It is not so far to the Holly Tree Inn but that upon another Christmas night we spend an hour with the lonely traveller who is shut up in the dismal bedroom with the grim four-poster and the high-shouldered spindle-waisted furniture. We were snowed up that night, you remember, and though the waiter poked the thin fire vigorously and brought us an odd volume of Peregrine Pickle and an old song book, we fell to listening to the growl of the wind, and thinking of all the Inns we had ever known and all the lonely Christmases poor travellers like ourselves had spent in them, until, growing more lonely than ever, and fearful of the wind which had fallen to whispering and muttering, we called up the boots and, asking him to take a chair, which he did, and some refreshment in a liquid form—which he did—resolved to make a night of it.

Which we did.

THE SINGING OF THE CRICKET

BUT what is this which drowns the growl of the wind, and calls us from the Holly Tree Inn and the boots asleep across the fender, and downs the song of the kettle who is fast going boiling mad, and makes little Mrs. Peerybingle put a candle in the window pane that John may find his way home—what but the Song of the Cricket on the Hearth—chirrup, chirrup, chirrup! Not that the kettle is beaten, for with a burst of steam he boils over just as John, shaking the snow from his comforter, stamps his shoes upon the floor to rid them of the clinging snow, and snatches little Mrs. Peerybingle, baby and all, to his mighty breast, while Boxer, the dog, elicits dismal shrieks from the handmaiden, Miss Tillie Slowboy, in the corner as he whirls and barks about everybody all at once.

A Merry Christmas this, if you like, with the Cricket singing in his chimney crack, for whatsoever shadows darkened the hearth are all swept away, and Christmas peace and joy have descended on the little home and John and little Mrs. Peerybingle and the baby. And in the dance that finished up the Christmas feast, Tilly Slowboy dives among the merry couples under the impression that this is the very height and breadth and grace of dancing—the "only principle of footing it," so to speak, and all the while the Kettle races with the Cricket to see who will be the first to sing "A Merry Christmas."

OTHER CHRISTMASES

BUT before we come to the grandest Christmas of them all, there are other Dickens Christmases which may not be forgotten. There was the Christmas night you sped with the Spirit to that bleak and desert moor where, in a little cottage with, God knows, a meagre feast enough spread upon its bare board, there sat a cheerful company of those who labor in the bowels of the earth. An old, old man and woman, you remember, with their children and their children's children all gathered to do honor to the feast of the child who on such another night was laid shivering in the manger. And the old man's quavering voice was lifted in a Christmas song, and the fresh young voices of the children joined him in the chorus and drowned those other bleaker voices of the wind and rain that sang out there in the dark upon the moors.

And with the Spirit, too, we drifted out to sea, and on the lonely ship that plowed through the black and heavy waters, we stood beside the helmsman for a moment and heard him hum a Christmas tune and saw in the hearts of his fellows the kinder thoughts the great feast wakes in every breast.

And in the lighthouse upon the "dismal reef of sunken rocks," he heard the men that watch the light bid each other a Merry Christmas as they joined hands across their Christmas grog, and heard one sing a sturdy song that drowned the voice of the gale as it drove by outside.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CRATCHITS

BUT of all the Christmases that was the most glorious! You could cut the London fog with a knife it was so thick, you remember, that Christmas Eve that Bob Cratchit "with the long

ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blind man's buff."

A cold and bitter night. The very doorways were filled with fog which stole in like a thief whenever a door opened and hung its pall in halls and on staircases and into the very room where the children made merry until it was shamed out of countenance by the glowing face of the fire that roared its way up the chimney. But how different on Christmas morning when Old Scrooge after his night with the Spirits, put his head out of window and bade the first boy he saw off to the poulterer's to buy the big prize turkey—not the little prize one, remember, and take it with all despatch to Bob Cratchit's at Camden Town. I do not for a moment think that the little Cratchits enjoyed the prize turkey half as much as they did the goose the night before when Scrooge and ourselves joined them at their Christmas dinner.

That was a dinner! Mrs. Cratchit, brave in ribbons; Miss Belinda Cratchit also brave in ribbons; Master Peter Cratchit minding the potatoes in a collar of such monstrous proportions that its only way out of its Brobdinagian dilemma was an effort to poke its corners into Master Cratchit's mouth. And the little Cratchits who stood outside the baker's to smell the goose and knew it out of dozens for their own; and the table laid by Mrs. Cratchit, assisted by Miss Belinda, and the young Cratchits in intervals of smelling the goose, dancing round the table and watching Master Peter Cratchit in all the glory of his collar, prodding the potatoes to see if they were done.

And in comes Father in his white comforter and thin jacket with Tiny Tim—ah, Tiny Tim!—high upon his shoulder, and the little crutch carried tenderly and the message in the childish heart that he had heard at church of [illegible] blind men to see," and who would be kind to little crippled Tim upon this Christmas Day.

E FIRST BOY HE SAW BE OFF

That was a bustle be[illegible] we all sat

down and little Tim sat beside his father in a tiny corner of the table. The goose! Mrs. Cratchit's heart was in her mouth at the thought that it might not be done. And what a turn it gave the young Cratchits who "crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped." And what a big goose it was, to be sure! Enough for everybody and one small bone left over, and the young Cratchits steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrow.

Not that they hadn't room for pudding when Mrs. Cratchit, proud but smiling, entered with that speckled beauty blazing in blue flame and brave in Christmas holly. My eye! how Master Peter got the corners of his collar out of his mouth and the little Cratchits ate till their faces shone again and everybody said what a pudding it was but "nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family; any Cratchit would have blushed to think of such a thing."

And there lies the gist of the whole matter—the full beauty of that rapturous Christmas dinner—the glory of all Christmas giving—not the gift or the size of it, but the exquisite happiness of it, the sense of noble gratitude for it—the decency that would not permit the littlest and hungriest Cratchit of them all to allow that they had not enough and some over, and were deeply thankful for it all.

That is the true meaning of the Spirit of Christmas.

And if these Christmas journeyings with the Spirit of Charles Dickens, he who left so much of Christmas joy upon this earth, have wakened in us some touch of kindly feeling, those will not be idle words or that an idle wish when we turn to one another on that immortal morning with "A Merry Christmas!"

CHRISTMAS ROUNDEL

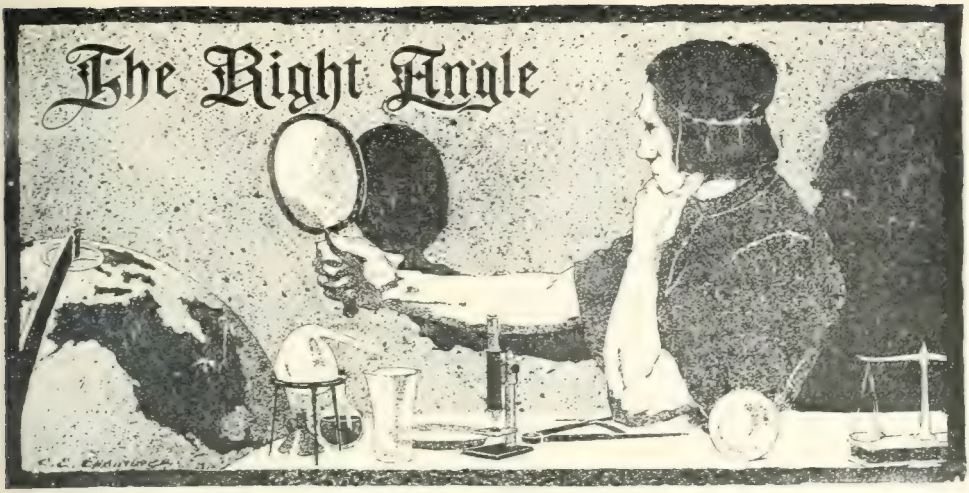
BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

CHRISTMAS glows in the street,
Everyone wears the holly;
Everyone's laughing and jolly—
Ah, there's a lilt in their feet!

Minna is thinking of Pete,
Patrick is wishing for Molly;
Christmas glows in the street,
Everyone wears the holly.

So I have wished we could meet,
I'ere, 'twixt a clown and a dolly,
Laughing in babyland folly;
So I have wished you luck, Sweet.

Christmas glows in the street;
Everyone wears the holly!



FROM A "BLOODED BANKER"

FREDERICK William Wallace, whose "Farmers of the Sea" appears in this issue, is a good sailorman as well as handy with a pen, and his picture of the fisherman's life is gathered at first hand. "The subject is a fascinating one," he says in a recent letter, "while the fishermen themselves are the finest fellows I ever was shipmate with. They are fearless, good-hearted, and most intelligent; while the way they treat such dangers as fog and heavy seas while out in the dories is positively funny. I was out with them this summer on a twenty-one day trip, and turned to with the gang, rigging gear, hooking up, baiting, and also hauling trawls out in the dories, besides the rather sloppy job of cleaning and pitching fish. Being an old hand at sailoring, I had a fine opportunity to appreciate their seamanship, as I turned out many a time to furl sail, make sail and relieve the wheel. It is like a tonic to a lover of the sea to get out on a bowsprit on a pitch dark night to muzzle a balloon jib. The schooner driving her bows down into the sea; the big sail banging and flapping, the spray slashing your oilskins, and all hands laughing, shouting and cursing on the foot-ropes while they tie the sail up, give you a rare thrill.

"Our skipper was a driver in every sense of the word, and coming up the Bay of Fundy on a black night with a stiff breeze, our deep laden vessel was like a half-tide rock—the seas pouring down into the foc's'l like a cataract, and sweeping across the deck. When she came through the tide-rips off the Northwest Ledge, she threw all the gang out of the upper bunks, as well as shipping some seas that filled the sea boots of the man at the wheel—and he was sitting astride of the wheel-box. Nobody worried about it, though it might have disturbed a landsman. 'She's got a little water on deck tonight,' said one of the hands. 'Well, it'll clean her down.'"

The fishermen of the Banks have been little chronicled, except in Kipling's "Captains Courageous." Who that has read it will ever forget Captain Disko Troop of the *We're Here*, or Manuel, the Portugee, or any of the gallant, homely crew who went up at the last to fish in the streets of that roaring sea-town, called "The Virgin"? It is time that their picturesque and hazardous romance were set before us again, and Mr. Wallace, knowing his subject intimately, has done it for us with skill.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

AND many of them! Holly and mistletoe, candy and paper bells—red ones—dolls and drums, Santa Clauses and turkey dinners, sunshine and laughter and new sleds and sleigh-bells jingling by—that's Christmas, holiday alike of children aged from eight to eighty.

"Do you remember," asks Currie Love, "when you were very little and

Santa Claus still your patron saint, what the night before Christmas meant to you? For weeks you had been looking forward to it, wondering what you would ask for, trying to decide between the rival charms of skates and sled, a doll with really truly hair and eyes that would open and shut, or a pink silk dress for parties.

"You used to whisper all your delirious dreams of grandeur to Mother, who tactfully tried to lead your thoughts towards new shoes and warm mittens.

"But not for you these solid joys. Curls and skates, pink silk and sleds were inextricably mingled in your dreams, and at last the night came.

"Down on the floor in front of the grate you sat in your little white nightie with Father's arm thrown protectingly about you lest you should get too close to the dancing flames. And then you began:

"Dear Santa:—I've been most awful good, truly I have. I've done every thing — well, 'most every thing — Mother told me, and please I want a new red sled with silver runners, a big fairy-tale book, a doll with really truly hair and eyes that open and shut, a pair of hockey skates *an'* boots, a pink silk dress an' a pink hair-ribbon an' oranges an' candy an' nuts—an'," you concluded in an outburst of wanting, '*anything else you like to bring me, Santa.*'

"Then you knelt to say your prayers at Mother's knee and afterwards you begged to sleep in her bed, and last of all you hung up, not your own stocking, "'cause it's too small and don't hold enough' but one of Mother's because you knew candy and oranges and nuts could be crammed into that. And then you went to bed. But not to sleep. Oh, dear, no! You intended to stay awake to watch for Santa, and your eyes were big and wide with excitement. You cuddled down under the clothes, quite sure that you'd never go to sleep again in the world. Every time a sleigh-bell tinkled or a horse's hoof beat you thought it was Santa with his reindeer. When suddenly a noise awoke you, and you were sitting up straight in bed, peering into the darkness. The little, muffled noise came again. 'Santa!' you exclaimed, and one tiny bare foot came out from under the clothes. You hesitated. Mother was apparently sound asleep. A terrible thought struck you. Suppose it should not be Santa but a 'burg-you-lar'. My goodness! Just suppose it should be!

"But your head went up with a little toss. You didn't care if it was. You weren't going to let any old burg-you-lar steal all your Christmas presents. And the other little bare foot swung towards the floor.

"You slid gently out of bed and started towards the door when bang! You'd knocked something over. An anxious voice came from the bed, 'What's that!'

"And you replied, tremblingly: 'It—it's me. I thought I heard Santa.'

"Mother politely stifled a laugh, but you could hear that her voice was smily as she said: 'Come back to bed, dear. It's just about two o'clock and you can't get up until seven, you know.'

"Very much ashamed of yourself, you crawled back between the warm covers, and Mother took you in her arms and you exchanged confidences about Santa and Christmas presents until you fell asleep again, to dream of reindeer and sleighbells and dolls with pink hair and really truly eyes, until at last —it was Christmas morning."

THE LEAPING FLAME

A HOUSE without a fireplace is like an egg without salt, a rose without scent, a gown without a pretty woman to wear it. What Adam and Eve did without a fire—for presumably fire was not introduced into Eden until after the fall, when the angel with the flaming sword kindled the first spark —it is a puzzle to determine. I, for one, should not care to inhabit the veriest paradise unless it had a hearth in it.

When you were a small boy, do you remember the grate-fire in the library —sparks-and-blaze you called it—and the long winter evenings when you were first allowed to sit up until nine o'clock with the grown folks? Mother had her low rocker on one side, where she sat knitting with fingers that twinkled

as they plied the bright needles, and father in his morris chair flanked the other side, reading the evening paper, while you curled up on the ottoman beside the fascinating shiny poker and shovel, and saw knights and ladies and the Land of Heart's Desire in the blaze. A modern gas-log has nothing like that to offer—nobody, even with the imagination of Baron Munchausen and the magic lamp of Aladdin, could see anything in a gas-log but a bare-faced attempt at deception.

And then when the fire was dying, and the merry blaze flickered and died down, and the deep, pinkish-orange coals glowed and faded as the wind whistled in the chimney mysteriously, what magical colors lay in the heart of the fire. Fairy palaces were the least of the wonders there, and you would not have been surprised to see a salamander or a phoenix basking among the ashes.

Slowly, however, the coals darkened, dropped softly apart and vanished, and father, rising, put away his paper and assumed the poker to extinguish the last red eyes. This is the time when school lets out for the fire-children, and the sparks vanishing swiftly up the dark cavern of the chimney are the eager scholars. There goes the last one—no, another yet—one more who must have been kept after school—and then at last comes the schoolmaster, the last spark, who vanishes somewhat more slowly as befits a dominie.

Sparks-and-blaze is out, and it is bedtime

IT GETS LATE EARLY

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

ONE lonesome bee lags to the hive,
On stiffened and rheumatic wings,
The frost-bit cricket, half-alive,
Creaks out the swan-song that he sings,
The wind-tossed withered blade and husk,
Where one lorn cornstalk feebly sways,
Are crackling dirges in the dusk—
It gets late early nowadays.

The cat is whining at the door,
The dog will whimper, too, ere long;
An undertone of winter's roar
Comes in the breeze's treetop song;
Bare boughs are lifting here and there,
The afternoon dies in a haze,
A subtle warning thrills the air—
It gets late early nowadays.

SOME OF THAT

A MAN whose uncertain career had confined his knowledge of things to eat to such standards as ham and eggs found himself in strange company who ordered learnedly from an extensive bill of fare. It combined a wine list and so many classified dishes as to constitute a fair-sized book whose pages he pawed aimlessly and in dismay. The waiter needed only his order to go to the kitchen and was standing at one side deferentially, slip and pencil in hand.

The delay was noticeable and irritating to the unskilled diner, and finally he made a stab blindly in the middle of a page with a finger.

'Give me some of that," he said.

The waiter looked over his shoulder and remarked:

"That's mayonnaise dressing."

"I know it. I can read."

"But (apologetically) what will you have it on, sir?"

"On a plate, you bonehead. Do you feed your customers in troughs here?"

HOMEMADE PRESCRIPTIONS

A DRUGGIST in Toronto received penciled notes asking him to send some "cloderine of pottige," some "eppiac" and an ounce of "anatomy."

Another claims to have received this illuminative note:

Mr. drugs i Want you Send some best tabes you got for cold and pane head Each i Want something to brake up the cold and all the pines foer am suffing so Bad i can hardly lay still.

And a third got this order from a customer:

Please giv my Boy ten sents wourth of tinker of suburbs and som good anti sceptic pouder also a qarter bottle of panes salary compound.

THE RASPING SCOTCH

TWO men with thirsts, bred in a long sojourn in dry territory, boarded a limited train and, after disposing themselves comfortably in a stateroom, espied the bell. The colored porter presented himself.

"Ephraim," began one, "bring two long glasses (indicating the height in pantomime) and have one big chunk of ice in each. Bring two drinks of your finest liqueur Scotch and a quart of charged water. Now hurry!"

The porter hawed a bit and said:

"Ah'm ve'y sohy, gemmen. Ah can bring yo de watah an' de ice, but this yah train has got to go mo' dan a hundred miles fo' Ah can git you anything rasping."

WATCHING THE HOLE

AN elderly Irishman who runs a humble bar on the edge of Montreal and who tends it in his stocking feet was surprised in a visit by friends from downtown. The old man was sitting in a chair behind the cigar case, sound asleep and with a club in his hands.

They prodded him and he awoke with a start.

"Oh, it is you byes? I was sittin' here waitin' fer a rat."